Rev. WM. BOOTH, General. T. H. ADAMS, Commissioner.

The War Cry

The All Round the World Salvation Army Chariot — Registered June 1885

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Worldly Amusement and Christianity.

BY MRS. BOOTH.

The Scriptures prohibit Christians dressing like the world. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel." (1 Peter iii. 3.) "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness, with good works." (1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.) "Moreover the Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go: therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion." (Isa. iii. 16, 17.) We commend this whole chapter to the consideration of all whom it may concern, and we would suggest that as the Lord Jehovah regarded the dress of those Israelitish women as a sign of their backslidden condition, and thought it sufficiently important to be recorded by His holy prophet, it may be well for us to consider how far the same signs are manifest amongst us in our day.

The Scriptures prohibit Christians singing the songs of the world, for they expressly enjoin that when they are merry or glad they are to sing psalms and make melody in their hearts unto the Lord.

The Scriptures prohibit Christians from joining in the amusements of the world; forbidding any fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, commanding to abstain from the very appearance of evil, and to come out from amongst the ungodly, and be separate; and our Lord declared that His real disciples were not of the world, even as He was not of the world.

Now, in the light of these Scriptures, and of the propositions we have laid down, let us examine the character of some of the entertainments so popular with many professing Christians. We find that it is no uncommon thing for entertainments to be held in private drawing-rooms and in rooms connected with churches and chapels, over which ministers and leading men in churches preside, at which Shakespearian readings are given, with extracts from the works of the most popular and worldly novelists, and the same songs sung as are echoed and applauded in the public-house and the dancing-room.

Now, viewed in the light of the Scriptures we have quoted and tried by the propositions we have drawn from them, how do these practices strike you, Christian reader?

1st. Are they not professedly worldly? Do they not savour of the world, all of the world, and of the world only? Were not the authors of the things said and sung at such entertainments thoroughly Christless men, and some of them professed infidels?

2nd. Are not these the songs and sentiments which worldlings have always claimed as their own? Are they not sung in their ball-rooms, theatres, and casinos? And is not this proof enough that they are congenial to their tastes, and in keeping with their spirit?

3rd. Such songs, recitations, and performances have no reference whatever to God, righteousness, or eternity. God is not only "not in all their thoughts," but he is not in any of them, therefore they must be thoroughly worldly.

4th. The spirit of such amusements is manifestly adverse to the dignity, gravity, and usefulness of the Christian character. What are its effects? Lightness, foolish jesting, a false estimate of creature delights, obtuseness to spiritual things, and frequently uproarious merriment and godless mirth.

We put it to any Christian who has ever allowed himself to take part in such amusements, whether these are not their inevitable and bitter fruits, and whether he has not found their spirit to be utterly antagonistic to the Spirit of Christ? We have heard many backsliders in heart attribute their declension to mingling in such scenes of folly and frivolity, and we never met with one whom we had reason to believe had been renewed in the spirit of his mind who could say he could enter into them without condemnation.

Doubtless there are thousands of professing Christians who live in perpetual strife with their consciences and with the Holy Spirit on this subject; and verily they have their reward. Trying to hold Christ in one hand and the world in the other, they lose both. They have no joy in their godless amusements, neither have they any joy in the Lord. All is darkness, condemnation and death. "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?"

The testimony of the Word is too explicit, and the voice of the Spirit too clear, for any child of God to err for want of light if he will but listen to his Divine counsellor. But, alas! too many seek to silence His voice by vain and worldly reasoning, lowering the standard which He has given them because somebody else does so. They do not hear Him saying, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." "Love not the world, neither the things of the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him."

Not only is the testimony of the Word and of the Spirit against these amusements, but the testimony and example of the most devoted and intelligent Christians of all ages have been against them. The following are a few extracts bearing on the subject:—

"There is no earthly pleasure which has not the inseparable attendance of grief —and that follows fog it as closely as Jacob came after Esau. Yea, worldly delight is but a shadow; and when we catch after it, all that we grasp is substantial sorrow in its room. The honey should not be very delightful, when the sting is so near."—ALLEINE.

"If there be any sorceresses upon earth it is pleasure; which so enchanteth the mind of men, and worketh the disturbance of our peace with such secret delight, that foolish men think this want of tranquillity happiness. She stretch men into swine with such sweet charms, that they would not change their brutish nature for their former reason."—BISHOP HALL.

"How often shall it be protested to the Christian world, by men of the greatest seriousness and devotion, that it is vain to dream of entering the kingdom of heaven hereafter, who keeps the kingdom of heaven enter into their souls in this life? How long shall the Sun of God, who came from the world to be the most glorious example of purity, self-denial, and mortification —how long shall His life as an unequaled pattern, only cut out for the apostolic ages, and only suited to some few morose and melancholy men? With what face can we pretend to true religion, or a feeling acquaintance with God, and the things of His Kingdom, whilst the continual bleatings and lowings of our souls after creature good betray us so manifestly, and proclaim before all the —that the beast, the brutish life, is too powerful in us?"—SHAW.

From "Practical Religion," written by Mrs. Booth.

TOBACCO USERS, BEWARE!

Adjutant Fewer was recently travelling, and having a "War Cry," he let a man have it, who said he was saved. This man was soon praising up the Army and religion in general, and quoting Scripture to his fellow-travellers, to which they all paid good attention, and at the end of the conversation, this religious (?) man turned around and asked a man "Have you got any good smoking tobacco on you?" The man was dumbfounded and asked, "What, do you smoke? I'll see what I have got," and pulling out a plug, held it out to him and said, "Touch not the unclean thing." The religious (?) man didn't know where to look.

REMINISCENCES

—OF—

"A HARD CO."

BY J. R.

(Concluded.)

The following Sunday, God was again with us, and He did not allow us to close the day's fight without some little result. The daughter of the friend with whom I was lodging came that night. I had never been there before, but she lived in a dwelling upon the words, "Be sure your sin will find you out," she felt she must surrender herself to Jesus, and she did so. Upon returning home, she found her mother had gone to bed, but she shouted up the stairs, "Mother, I've got saved to-night!"

Her parents, being good old Methodists, were very pleased to hear this. This dear child was only sixteen years old, but she is a woman to-day, and a good soldier in full uniform in the corps. Thank God, He can save the children and keep them too.

Blessed Blunder

was made one evening by one of the married soldiers bringing her sister to the meeting. By her appearance I took her to be saved and spoke to her accordingly. The Holy Spirit was pleased to take this mistake the means of bringing home to her heart a thorough conviction of sin. For several days she was in a most wretched condition, until, at the close of a small week-day afternoon's meeting, she came to me and said, "I've made a mistake, sinner, I have been! Will you pray for me?" We at once went to prayer. She cried aloud for mercy, and in her confession and prayers she pleaded, "Oh, Lord, do wash me in Thy precious blood!" Still at length she said, "Lord, I believe Thou hast," and then both together we sang, "Lord, I believe, for Thou hast washed me," and between the tears and smiles she sang and rejoiced before God.

A Holiness Meeting in a Clergyman's Drawing Room.

This clergyman was, and is to-day, thoroughly consecrated to the work of God, and would frequently get souls converted in his drawing-room. Having conducted this holiness meeting in his drawing-room on Monday afternoon, I occasionally went and spent the afternoon with him. One afternoon I took with me one of the soldiers who had recently obtained the blessing of a clean heart. During the meeting some of the ladies present said they could not believe that the roots of sin were taken out of the heart, but that the evil kept down by God's Almighty power.

This dear soldier said she could not argue the point, but she would give them her experience. Since she had received the for a clean heart it did not matter what trial, difficulty or temptation beset her path, she could not come take it to Jesus and thus be kept in perfect peace, which led her to believe that her sins were not merely kept down, but washed away.

Following Her Up.

This was a case of a woman. I noticed her as a regular attender in our little Friday's gathering. One good result of a "hard go" is that when you get a stranger in, you can continue to know something about them. But the moment this woman saw I was coming to speak to her, she hurried off. However, I got her address, and the next day went to visit her. But to my surprise she would not see me. This led me to hope she had got convicted in the little meeting the night previous. I then went home and wrote her a letter, endeavoring to show her in the letter God's will concerning her. A few days afterwards I visited her again, and this time obtained admission. She thanked me for the letter, and then told me of the state of her mind, after which we knelt together before the Lord, and prominently she was able to say, in faith, "Yes, I do believe that Jesus saves me now." Hallelujah!

Old Daddy Shoesmith.

I came across this marvellous old man one day in my visiting. I did a great deal of visiting at that hard go. I had plenty of time for it. My first question to Daddy was, "Well, my friend, and how are you to-day?" He replied, "I am just as happy as I can live! I am ninety years old within seven months. I have a heaven to go to presently, and am ready for it now, for all my sins are washed away, and my heart is pure and clean. I have been a soldier of the Cross for fifty-seven years last March. Up till then I had been a slave of the devil, persecuting the children of God, but at thirty-three years of age I was tired of his service, and I knew I could serve the Lord without being born again, and while walking across a field fifty-seven years ago last March, at five o'clock in the morning, I said, 'Lord, show me what it means to be born again,' and the burden of my sins was removed at once, and I have never had a doubt upon the matter since. Hallelujah!" I said hallelujah, too, and wished him good morning. He is now shouting "Hallelujah!" before the throne, having saved many souls, and presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. Thank God for such a religion as this!

A Silent Baptism.

This was on a Saturday night, from half-past ten to twelve. I was alone with God, pleading for the next day, when He poured out upon me such a spirit of prayer and baptism of the Holy Ghost, that I just prayed Him for those He was going to save, and went to bed, saying, "Lord, I believe for the souls to-morrow night." The next day was very especially in the evening, so that we had but a very few present; but the Lord sent in a most unexpected one, who came boldly out and sought the Saviour, which caused us to have a real little hallelujah wind-up, and enabled me to go home, saying, "Oh, Lord, Thou hast again answered prayer, notwithstanding the wet night. It is just like Thee!"

Probably more of the events I just recorded made me feel that, although our corps was very small, yet most of the few soldiers we had were living near to God, and souls were getting saved most weeks though it was but in ones and twos, and usually the next day I had to attend to the past experiences, instead of looking to God always and getting a special anointing for every service, yet there were that several weeks passed by with little or nothing apparently done. But this fact drove me again to the throne of God in prayer, fasting and self examination, and to plead with God for wisdom to save souls.

While making this prayer-meeting, I said, "Lord, be pleased to give me (1) a message for the people; (2) send either me to the people, or the people to me, so that I may give them the message; (3) then let Thy Spirit work mightily in their hearts, so that they may receive and believe the message Thou dost send."

Before the week was out, a young lady came to me, very prettily and tastefully dressed, and told me she had a desire to seek the Lord, and had come for instruction in God's plan of Salvation. I dealt with her faithfully as to drawing conclusions, etc., and a few days after, saw her mother, and learned that she, the mother, was very much displeased with the way in which I had spoken to her daughter. She had always been a good daughter till she had listened to my instructions, and now she had been very miserable ever since. God then helped me to deal faithfully with the mother, and I have never seen the daughter come truly out for God, but I could not help seeing how God brought them across my path directly after I had pleaded with Him upon the matter.

The End of a Hard Week.

This week has been particularly difficult in every way. The enemy of souls had been busy. The meetings had been small and nobody had been saved. Saturday night, and half-past eleven. Shutting my room door, I got upon my knees to do battle with the powers of darkness, and to get victory from above; presently the light shone in and I found myself offering the prayer of faith for souls. I was then able to lie down in peace, feeling sure the victory was won. Was I disappointed the next day? Thank God! I was not. In every meeting God was with us, in speaking and praying was in the power of the Spirit, and the day closed with two souls crying bitterly as they prayed, and then rejoicing over sins forgiven. Hallelujah!

"He has Saved My Soul!"

This was a triumphant utterance made by a young man sitting in the middle of the congregation. We had had a hard week day, fifty had been present at a beautiful meeting in the morning, and in the afternoon a few came in and we had visited as God-speed. At night, I had been reading about the man God called a fool, and showing the sense in so doing. In the prayer meeting, I went to a man who I saw upon his knees and said, "My friend, you have been there for you." He replied at once was, "He has saved my soul!" I then enquired when, and he answered, "During this afternoon's meeting." Upon describing a fool I felt I had been one all my life and I at once gave way myself to God." I said, "Lord, as I kneel in this, and now pray and thank Him," and he forthwith poured out his thanksgiving to God for the blessing he had just received.

Many years afterwards, when visiting that corps, I saw him walk with his wife (the now being a married man) and say, "Thank God, He not only saved me in that seat on that memorable night, but he has kept me and blessed me ever since."

The Tuesday following this good Friday, version the soldiers came up well for the counsel, and when the cartridges were counted up, to our joy and delight, we found they amounted to 19s. 6d., a larger amount than we ever had before. Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow.

Last Sunday but One in this "Hard Go."

This Sunday will never be forgotten by some of us. We had announced a knee-drill at 7 a.m., and no less than ten were present, which for a good number for a "hard-go." At this knee-drill we had a rich baptism from on high. At half-past ten we went to the meeting, and just as we were marching off to the barracks a friend put a letter in my hands. It ran thus: "Come and help us. On opening it I found it was from Headquarters, and to my utter surprise, I found it contained my farewell orders. I was to farewell to that proverbially "hard-go" on the following Sunday and proceed hundreds of miles in another direction and take command of a young corps with hosts of recruits, where a glorious revival had broken out and scores of souls had been converted. I was to announce the contents of that letter was more than I knew, for it did seem difficult to announce a "farewell" to a place and people where I had witnessed so many

Struggles and Victories.

However, it had to be done and the Lord helped us through. My successor was to arrive on the Wednesday, so that our public farewell was on the Monday, when nearly sixty were present, which is a good number for a small corps. We had on the Sunday, and then the final farewell with the soldiers took place on the Tuesday. We had a farewell at eight o'clock the soldiers' assembly at this meeting. I shook hands and spoke to each, and this glorious meeting was followed by a consecration meeting, lasting from ten p.m. to one, a.m.

At this meeting all the soldiers dedicated themselves afresh to the service of God, and prayed for God's spirit to accompany me to my new corps, and come in a mighty manner with my successor to them. These prayers were abundantly answered, for God gave me His presence as a glorious victory, and my successor, and this proverbially "hard go" is to-day a most flourishing corps, with a good brass band, a beautiful hall, and a good, well-ordered, and other corps, which are also working in a successful manner in other parts of this fashionable and aristocratic town. Truly that Scripture is as real to-day as ever:—"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our FAITH!"

Blessings from the Peterboro Division

PORT HOPE CETS ROUSED.

CAPT. RAWLING.

"Three Big Days" were on the boards at Port Hope. Staff-Capt. McIntyre had kindly consented to come and give us a helping hand, and we anticipated a big time.

On Saturday night we had a very fair crowd, although there was room for some who did not come. The two D.O's. led the meeting, and Capt. Fox gave his testimony with many others, but the commissioning of the band was the main feature of the evening's proceedings. They wished to become

A Real S.A. Band,

and were commissioned. They are not many in number, but we trust they will be able to bring forth much practical good to the corps and town. They play very nicely.

Sunday, all day, the band was to the front, and from the 7 a.m. knee-drill God was present.

The holiness meeting was a deep heart-searching time. D.O. McIntyre led the lesson, and very plainly drew the line.

The afternoon and night meetings were full of freedom and power, and one woman came out and professed to get what she came for.

On Monday, Scribe Braund came along, and she was Scribes felt quite down the right away, but not more so than the two D.O's. The number of officers also arrived during the day. The day was spent in not behind in sending lots of good food, and with the untiring efforts of Capt. and Mrs. Rawling, officers and friends, the banquet was a nice affair.

The meeting at night was a rouser. Capt. Weight and Lieut. Ashton, who were glad to see her and to hear she is getting stronger in body. Capt. Fry also

Sang a Newfoundland Song.

Capt. Braund led the testimony meeting. Capt. Kett gave us a glowing account of what she saw at Lindsay. Capt. Fox was all on fire, and had a good go in. Staff-Capt. McIntyre was to speak on "What I know of the S.A." and said Man knows a thing or two. He remembers the Army in the early days in Canada. He also spoke of the great work he had at the Crystal Palace last year. Altogether, it was a grand time. Of course our own D.O. was all there, and gave the devil some hard thrusts, and we shall be glad to see our old friend, Kingston brethren. Until then, good-bye.

It is as easy for a real Salvationist to sell "War Cry" as it is for a possum to roll off a log.

BRIEF NOTES

OF OUR

WESTERN TOUR.

THE LATEST FROM

Monday, April 21.

The General, in spite of a busy week including the Nines Council of War, the wearying journey, seems to be better than when he left Toronto.

One object of The General's Canada was to get a few days' rest previous to the French Council, but rest-like, opportunity's not given him for his weakness, and we learn they have very successful meeting in Montreal. "Darkest England" is bearing practical fruit for the success of the scheme.

"Brilliant success," is stamped on all reports of the Nines Council of War meetings. Imagine one hundred and fifty officers who are fighting their way through the overwhelming difficulties and trials of infidel France, coming together to get their General; and joining with him in victorious thanksgiving to the Most High, every long ago it was all but impossible to get a hearing.

The latest reports of Mr. Booth-Tucker's health are very encouraging, and in every ground for hope that we may yet see her once more in the fore-front of the battle.

The improvement in Miss Booth's health is remarkable and gives cause for the most gratitude. The many thousands who have prayed for her recovery on behalf of her behalf will rejoice over this good news.

Mrs. Bramwell is so much better she will be able to move about with ease.

The Commandant has held a small council at the Home for Incurables, and preliminary arrangements for the next Anniversary celebrations at the Crystal Palace on July 21. The Crystal Palace Festivals have been, there is every prospect of our once more beating the record.

Most interesting news comes from Ireland. A letter to hand from Major Bramwell tells of the successful opening Helsingfors III.

"Crowds sympathy; £3, 10s. collection in the morning meeting; souls seeking salvation, and victories still recorded in the N and II."

Commissioner Ballington is pushing forward with definite plans for the salvation of the Scandinavian races so abundantly represented in the United States. Two Swedish officers have just landed in London *en route* to New York, and the Anglo-Swedish *War Cry* already has a circulation of five thousand copies.

The great social scheme goes on apace. The city experiments continue to yield satisfactory results. The Salvation Army match-box, labelled "Lights in Darkest England," are being sold. An organ-grinder, which, we are informed, is perfectly, is most suitable for our purposes, has been bought with a view to the opening of "The Farm Colony."

Four officers have sailed from London for South Africa. This is the earnest of what is to follow. Capt. and Mrs. English, Ensign and Mrs. Cowan are among the officers honored with sudden orders for foreign service.

In spite of the special difficulties of the African field, they have totalled over £1,000 for Self-Denial Fund. This is epoch-making, and we can give great hopes for the future.

The floating of the African Social operations will be specially helped forward by this success.

Our much-talked-of expedition to Mashonaland was timed to start out from Buffalo Bay on Saturday last, the 18th inst. The General cabled the promotion of Staff-Capt. Pascoe to the rank of Major, in consideration of the exceptional hardships the officers and a native boy, all well fitted for the "roughing" experience which will be necessary.

The particulars of this expedition are most exciting. A wagon, sixteen oxen, two horses, and a ride and supply of ammunition for each man for protection against lions, tigers, etc., and to make feathered luxuries on the wing, and three months' provisions, and a suit of clothing are included.—"The Salvation Army in" Darkest Africa."

Major Pascoe takes charge of the Kimberly Rescue Home during her husband's absence.

Mrs. Col. Wilson is still very ill. Pray on.—Rescue work is in full swing in Finland.—Col. Pollard has been to Holland and Belgium, and the Dutch Field Secretary for United States Self-Denial effort is fixed for the last week in June.—A beautiful carpet comes to us to extend our operations to Turkey.

rush of the year the war would be in a squeeze out any time for reporting to the dear old War Cry; but I suppose "A little is better than none," and that "It is better late than never." So here goes for a few notes anyway. These will be short and to the point.

• • •

Left Toronto on the morning train of Friday, March 31st, and returned on the morning train of Tuesday, April 21st, being from the Brigade Headquarters. 23 days, 19 of which I spent in holding meetings, attended 22 open-air meetings, travelled 2371 miles, were on the road (8 hours during the day), and (8 hours during the night). God graciously sustained us, and brought us good trim, in body and soul. Praise

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BRANTFORD.—Staff-Captain Beatty and Lieut. Ward are with us a month yet. We had a nice little council with officers in the afternoon. A decent crowd at night. Capt. Dalbiray thinks the chinks Windsor is just the place. She informed me they have

Already had Several Souls

and that the WAR CRY sales were going up and that the Brantfordites were sold the week before. (Cheer up, Pry.) We commissioned a Senior and Junior Sergt.-Major and Colour-Sergeant, so they ought to boil at Windsor now. We had a soldier's meeting after the public meeting and were glad to see the enthusiasm and the desire for the extension of the kingdom of God. This is manifest among the comrades. God bless Windsor.

• • •

When you go to Kentville you always meet Capt. Gardiner at the depot, and this time we had no exception to the rule. There are some usual, and although he looked rather lonely (his cadet had just farewelled), he was in full fight for the good cause at night, and we had one of the best meetings in many ways that I have ever been in at Kentville. The hall was not crowded, a big men wept, but none would yield. I had the pleasure of seeing one who was saved in the early morning, and backsliden, and learned that she had become an enrolled soldier. May God add to the number.

• • •

Saturday and Sunday were spent at Canning with Capt. Clark and her Lieut. and soldiers. We did not have a hall full at night, owing to

Public Wedding

in another place (I trust they will be as eager to come to the Wedding Supper of the Lamb), but we had a good enjoyable time. Some dear souls were saved, last, the Holy Ghost Way? Well, the officers and myself had all our own way, as there was no one else present. We had a good time. Good-bye, Canning. We had a nice time in the Holiness meeting and also afternoon, when we spent the hour in prayer, the soldiers met at the afternoon meeting and spent about an hour reading the rules and talking to the comrades about their duty and the necessity of being a clean and holy people. I am looking forward to the time when God will bless the Canning people. Pray for us. Now, comrades, arouse yourselves, get out to knee-drill and go in for God and the Salvation of souls. Fire, fire, fire, throughout ranks and when the SMOKE clears away (it is clearing) you will be able to gather up the wounded and get them healed.

• • •

Capt. Gardner and I went to Waterville for the Monday night meeting. Capt. Campbell, the ex-milliary man, is the officiating elder here at present, and is trying to get things into shape and to get the soldiers to realize that in future so that they can attack the enemy's strongholds and do something for the King. We had a small meeting, and then we went to another town in the afternoon to see if there was any chance of invading the enemy's territory, and there seem prospects of an opening in the future in connection with our present situation. May the Lord bless Sir Clarence Campbell and his wife and family and grant them the victory. Amen. Keep believing, comrades, for another visit soon.

TOM H. COLLINS.

The Social Wing in England.

SECRETARY'S NOTES.

The crowd of submerged are still streaming into our Elevator Workshops and Shelters, the different classes are both full and striking. We sent in, last week, to our Workshops, an ex-Baptist minister and an ex-labor member. The latter had been labor master in three of our London workhouses, and now he is destitute, and coming to work amongst the men over whom he was formerly master. Truly sin is no respecter of persons.

Our Workshops are a grand success. During the last three weeks about forty men have gone out to work in different parts, where trade is brightening up, and in nearly every case they have had received fund money to draw, which has re-fitted them in tools, clothes, etc., or helped to pay their fare to new situations.

The Social Wing brushes, mats, etc., have now a good sale. Many are purchasing in order to help this grand work, and the goods give very evident satisfaction.

Some of our men produce excellent tambourines and little bob's drums. Commissioner Cox with wonderful wisdom lives and had a tambourine sent to Scotland, to be used down in the Central Brigade to do our best to help bring our loved Dominion to His feet. Comrades, pray for us.

Brig. MARGETTS.

The Halifax Division.

BY ADJT. COLLIER.

I have just paid a flying visit and find everything in good shape for a good work. The new officers have just arrived and have the place well in hand. Capt. Dalbiray says she thinks Windsor is just the place. She informed me they have

Already had Several Souls

and that the WAR CRY sales were going up and that the Windsorites were sold the week before. (Cheer up, Pry.) We commissioned a Senior and Junior Sergt.-Major and Colour-Sergeant, so they ought to boil at Windsor now. We had a soldier's meeting after the public meeting and were glad to see the enthusiasm and the desire for the extension of the kingdom of God. This is manifest among the comrades. God bless Windsor.

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TOM H. COLLINS.

Description of a French D.O's Quarters.

Make Special Note of This.

The life of a divisional officer in France is rather the apostolic ideal than that of any other perhaps, within the range of our operations at present, except India. Necessity compels it, and the situation calls for it. The idea of having a fixed abode and centre to an ordinary corps is out of the question. The expense would swallow at least the Divisional Income. The people upon whom the D. O. operates are the poorest. Our bitterest opponent, however, if arithmetically inclined, would fain to get a grain of argument to support the money-making charge. There is no ground for him here, or anywhere, of his kind.

Frugality, Industry and Devotion

meet one at every turn. The headquarters of the richest division in France is at Lunes, the poorest in Europe, and a quantity of proportion, reveal a nobility of life of which the world is not worthy. It this is the case, it is not the fault of the

Two Chairs, a Text or Two,

and an uncemblished fire-place complete the establishment. The trade purposes a borrowed-looking desk-table gives the adjoining room quite an imposing appearance. The divisional office and his Scribe make this the base of official direction. An unscientifically-shaped, rough, costless set of pigeon-holes, perch on the wall, and a table and two cane-bottom chairs embrace the main articles of furniture. This bare-ness and poverty are not taken into pitiority of poverty. It indicates the difference, some would say, between English extravagance and French frugality. Be that as it may, the

Sobriety in Things Luxurious

and absence of unnecessary appendages are conspicuous. It is a fitting thing in every of every aspect of the war in France, and a feature worth copying *ad infinitum* all around.—*Brig. Cry.*

The WAR AT WINDSOR, ONT.

DEAR WAR CRY,—

The shouts of "victory" has been again heard in our midst. On Wednesday last, we had a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Hodges and wife, Adjt. Howell, and Capt. Alf. Armstrong, were with us. After a good supper we had a good social meeting, and listened to the music, and to the singing and testimonies, we went to the barracks and spent a good time in prayer. Some assembled; some to see and hear; some to be seen; some located it has become customary to come on a Wednesday hour, as if the time was not passing away fast enough for them, and they on

The Brink of Eternal Ruin.

And some because God had convicted them of sin, and they came, penadventure God would bless them and save them, and they and, Hallelujah, some to "give up all" and follow Jesus, as, at the close, one was led forward and gave up all for Jesus.

Conviction was stamped on so many faces, as they sat and listened to the "Wood," and to the "Prodigal Son." Oh! many seemed just ready to give up their sins and yield their all to God, but alas, many will not yield to God, and hear the voice of Him who says, "Give than I cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The seed was sown, and some has fallen into good ground I believe. Before leaving, Adjt. Howell promised to return on Saturday, and bring Mrs. Howell with him, which he did, and our meeting on Saturday were proper "Blood and Fire."

The weather was all that could be desired, consequently a good crowd met at the "open-airs." In the afternoon, the barracks was well filled, and officers, soldiers, and friends were determined to let the enemy know that we have an all-mighty Saviour, who is able to destroy the works of the devil, and to save souls.

Four Precious Souls

were brought to God, and realized that He saved them then! Hallelujah! What rejoicing. It was nearly 6 p.m., before we all got away to tea, feeling that no time was to be lost between the meetings, and at 7 o'clock, most of the soldiers were back again ready for duty.

Adjt. Howell, and wife, and off we go, hand in front, for another enjoyable "open-air," where we had a great crowd to talk to concerning their souls' Salvation, after which, we proceeded to the barracks, which we found filled to its utmost capacity, every seat being taken, and crowds standing. As the meeting proceeded and testimonies given, and the reading of God's Word by Adjutant Howell, from Malach iii. eighth verse, "Will a man rob God?" together with the earnest and powerful appeals to the sinners by Capt. and Mrs. Greatrex, and Adjutant Howell, deep conviction was easily detected on many of the faces of the people, and when the invitation was given to yield themselves to God's service, no less than

Five Answered to God's call

and have made a record of mercy, and found Him of whom it was long ago said, "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Glory Him! Praise Him! The night was grand.

Well, I must close. Our new officers have come, and our new officers have gone. Through the energetic "push" and Godly zeal of Capt. and Mrs. Greatrex, our poor old barracks is undergoing a complete renovating and getting into its spring suit, so that by Saturday night we expect to have a rejoicing.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Oh, that God would open up our way for a new building. Pray for Windsor. We are anxiously waiting to see our Commissioner. Yours as ever,

ARMOR-BEARER.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE BAND

VISITS WHITBY

A Novel Company — At the Station — Ping Hats — Grand Crowds — Kind Band Boys and Friends — The Town Stirred.

"Have you any appointment for to-morrow?" was the question put to the writer as Adjt. P. came into the B. union on Saturday afternoon. Upon being answered in the negative the Adjutant asked if I would form one of a company of six who were going for a week-end to Whitby. I consented, and had the time enough to fix things up and get ready for the train.

Quite a novel company sallied forth from the Temple about 4.45 p. m. on Saturday. There were B. P., R. N. W., J. M. C. H., J. McM., B. G., and J. E., and all arrayed with plug hats. Each had an instrument of some kind or a satchel in his hand or under his arm, and altogether they looked a peculiar lot. This Kaleidoscope Band were off for a week-end at Whitby.

On our way to the station we were greeted occasionally with, "Where did you get that hat?" and other such questions, but the boys stuck to their Master's business and they heeded not what the people said. Arriving at the station a little delay was experienced while J. M. C. H. went for the tickets. Soon this barrier was surmounted and this novel band were comfortably seated in one of the second-class cars of the G. T. R. Many were the glances cast us, but our purpose was fixed, and we were quite unmoved.

B. G., J. Mc., and R. N. W. charmed the other passengers with music from their instruments and banjos, which reached our station they seemed to be quite friendly towards us.

Arriving at Whitby we marched up to the quarters. Our hats, of course, made us conspicuous, and attracted the attention of those who otherwise might not have noticed us. Very little time was lost before we sallly forth for our first march, about fifteen strong, band in the front. A nice time was spent, and the open-air was very good, but the town band drew away a good part of the crowd.

The meeting inside was a regular oilitze free-and-easy. J. M. C. H. read the lesson and some heavy firing was made by the band, and the people who were there enjoyed themselves fully. The meeting closed, and everybody went home with great expectations for the morrow.

About fourteen met for knee-drill, and went in for personal blessings, and God came very near and assured us of His presence, going with us the remainder of the day.

The march before the holiness meeting was

A Surprise to the Town,

and quite a nice little crowd greeted us as we came back to the barracks. R. N. W. read the lesson, after which some real definite holiness testimonies from the soldiers and band were spoken, while Adjt. spoke very powerfully and closed the meeting.

In the afternoon our march was reinforced by a lot of the dear soldiers who live in the country, and as we sally forth from the barracks it was enough to make our hearts jump to see the thirty-thirty-five happy faces who fell in line. Off we go again, the Kaleidoscope band as usual in the front, and attracting the attention of the people. The open-air at the four corners was a grand one, and the good natured crowd drank in the truth as one and another of the comrades stepped into the ring and told what wonderful things God had done for them.

A Drum-head Collection

was taken up also, and one dollar was the result.

The free-and-easy inside was a rouser. The barracks was filled, and the boys kept things going. B. N. W. led solo, "Ring dem bells," kept things in a boil for a time, and the audience did very well in picking up the chorusses. J. E. read the lesson, and then some real, lively, definite testimonies were given by the soldiers. The music from the cornets and banjos was much appreciated, especially the duet by Bob and Jack. Conviction rested on the people, but no one seemed anxious to settle the question then, so the Adjutant again closed the meeting.

There wasn't much time left for the soldiers and boys to get home to their anger and back again for the march at 6.30. However, this feat was successfully accomplished, and again the sound of music was heard as the band and soldiers marched down the main street. Another comfortable crowd soon filled the barracks and

Settled Down to Business

right away. Several of the dear soldiers spoke very forcibly. Lieut. Bloss, who is at present at home on account of her father's illness, made a strong appeal to the unsaved. Each of the band boys gave short but telling addresses, and the Adjt. read the lesson. God gave him much liberty and not a loop-hole of escape was left that any sinner could go through.

The prayer meeting was a desperately fought battle; the soldiers stuck to their knees bravely, but none would yield, and we had to close the meeting.

Although no visible results were seen, still the deep conviction which reigned cannot fail to result in the salvation of souls. The crowds were enthusiastic and good natured, and were really interested in the meetings.

Just here we would especially mention the kindness of the town band boys. On Saturday night our drummer had the misfortune to put the drumstick through the head of the drum, but these dear boys kindly

Let Us have their Drum

for the day. May God bless them for it, and bring them to a knowledge of His saving power.

Then the dear friends who so freely offered us their hospitality, were more than kind to us, and we shall not soon forget the way they stuffed us, they waxed. May God reward them for their kindness.

At 5.45 on Monday morning we start for the station, where we took train, arriving at Toronto about 7.30. After having a good wash and something to eat we are soon found in our different offices, working away amid the noise, enjoying over the privilege we had of helping on the dear comrades at Whitby. We will live in hopes of visiting that beautiful town at some future time.

Lieut. Walker is bravely holding the fort here until the Captain arrives. God bless the Lieutenant.

Our band has been reinforced by two more, viz., A. W. E. and G. W. This brings our number up to eight. Everybody pray that God will abundantly use and bless this new departure among our H. Q. boys in the building up of the corps they shall visit. Amen. ONE OF THEM.

"DAD FLORENCE."

CHAPTER IX.

(Concluded.)

"*She's* noa Hindoo. Does she think she can disguise hersen like that?" I could hear my old neighbors muttering away to one another in the audience, and I was laughing to myself, in the Indian costume, on the platform." So proceeded Mother, with a merry twinkle. "At last Colonel Nicol stood up and said,

'Now I will introduce an old friend of yours—Mother Florence—with her face lit up like an eight-day clock.'

"Then they sot up a shout, 'Ho! I thought I knew her!' Then afterwards they almost pulled me to pieces. 'Mother must come hoame with mas.' 'No, no, with me.' One pulling one way and another another.

"After that we went to Norwich—to the very spot where Dad had been a poor little starving, workhouse boy, where he were both born, and there we found our old neighbors, who had known us as children, and their hair at white and grey, many of them, and in the meetings, in the flourishing barracks. They would sit with the tears streaming down their faces at the wonderful things God had wrought for us. At last we landed at the Training Home in

London,

Dad on one side and me on the other, with the lassies. There we were the great Congress Hall, and little Sam sang to the audience—

"The people that lives in our town
Say the Army is going down,
And down indeed we mean to go
To pick up the lowest of the low,
But we do it all for Jesus,
Because we love Him so.

And then they think it's hardly right, in the collection every night.

And what they never heard before
Is the silver collection at the door,
But we use the cash for Jesus,
Because we love Him so."

"Then we went to Clapton to

The General's House,

the Canadian twenty for India and several others who were going on foreign missions. We went there to tea, and the General waited on us with his own hands, and chatted to us, and talked of Jesus. Dear Mrs. Booth was too sick to see us then. Oh, how he had changed since the time we heard him in Lady Lane Chapel as a young Methodist minister. His long beard was turning white, instead of black. Ah! but he gave us some fine practical counsel that night.

"Now, the day after we farewelled from Exeter Hall for India, came the message to us that we were to

"Go no Further."

Colonel Nicol brought us the news.

'Oh,' we both said in a breath, 'send us to Africa or anywhere, but not back to Canada.'

'Well,' he said, 'he would see what the General said about that.'

'Well, Mother, (he returned in the morning), that was a terrible dose I gave you last night. How is it to be?'

'Why, it didn't digest at all, Colonel,' we answered.

'I'm His,' we said practically, 'for anywhere *except* Canada,' and that was where we were wrong.

'Oh, I'm very sorry, I'm very trying time!' we were just dumbfounded. Dad did nothing but stand still. We ought to have known that our God was too wise to err, too good to be unkind. We wanted to choose our own path like so many others do, just as if we could be wiser than God, and know better what would be best for His Kingdom than He did. So we both cried out,

'Anywhere but Canada.'

'Then I remembered that old hymn that we had sung so many a day in the time of trouble.

"His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

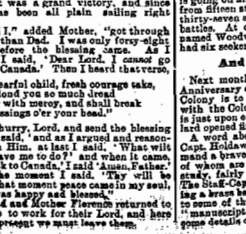
'Then—oh!—how we prayed, both of us, 'Anywhere but Canada, not Canada, Lord.'

'I was praying,' said Dad, 'from the Wednesday till eight o'clock on Friday night. It was sixty hours I was wrestling and fighting about it. Couldn't sut into my wit in the morning. It looked good going to bed, I couldn't sleep—couldn't feel God's smile. Then I said, 'I'll never rise from my knees until I have the victory, oh Lord.'

'At last, about eight in the evening, suddenly I got a sight of my Saviour. I saw Him plainly, just as I did the night when I first was converted. I saw His lovely face. I jumped right up. I shouted 'I've got the victory!'

I've Got the Victory!'

It was in the meeting; there were about seven or eight hundred people there, and



the Captain said, 'What sort of a victory have you got, Dad?' Stand up and tell us what sort of a victory you have. So I stood up and told them all about it, and the cause of the fearful fight, and the darkness, and that it was because my will had been clashing with God's, for I wanted to have chosen my own path anyway. Oh! but that was a grand victory, and since then has been all plain sailing right along.'

'And I,' added Mother, "got through quicker than Dad. I was only forty-eight hours before the blessing came. As I prayed I said, 'Dear Lord, I *cannot* go back to Canada.' Then I heard that verse,

"Yon fearful child, fresh courage take,
The cloud you so much dread
Is big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings o'er your head."

'Oh, hurry, Lord, and send the blessing then,' I said, 'and as I argued and reasoned with Him, at last I said, 'Thus will Thou have me to do?' and when it came, 'Go back to Canada,' I said 'Amen, Father.' Then the moment I said 'Amen, Father, I do,' that moment peace came in my soul, and I was happy as blessed.'

'So Dad and Mother Florence returned to Toronto to work for their Lord, and here for the present we must leave them.

MAORI-LAND MISSIONS

No. 3.

(Concluded from page 2.)

The Salvation Army is organization. In the kingdom a change of rulers is effected anarchy, revolt, and the Army the most important effected without the slightest in point of numbers, under the command of the New Zealand for the last three years. During that time the war ceased gloriously. The corps has

From 46

and the outposts from [illegible] ow' Roll has increased rising from 101 to 212, and grown from a four- circulation of 2,000 with a circulation of [illegible] Mrs. Taylor have, during their Colony, by their blood- their lovingly forgiven, war, endeared themselves to the soldiers, and people alike.

Sadly have the Maoris the order, "Farewell, and com- tralia." Implicitly and with confidence in Christ they carried out. The talented [illegible] times of great power and bless up with.

A Great Farewell

at Christchurch, extending over thusiasts welcomed at Christchurch preparations were made for triumphal tour through the island, promises to be a succession of Numbers join the Colonial forces opened up three new corps—Newton, and Mangatainoka, with the last-named opening up

Quite a Romantic

Some few years ago, when Gordon was in command of the Militia, a drummer was attracted out of by the Saturday night's music, into the barracks, fell in with and got giddy, and soldiers spreads. His wife and family flame, and shortly the whole fighting soldiers in an outpost of In the course of time this lad ily migrated to Mangatainoka township in the North Island the Army was not. Nothing throw open their houses, meetings on Army lines. God their efforts, and soon a number were converted.

This band set to work, brewery, converted it into a barracks, and then sent word to the D. O. to send some officers, with barracks, and twelve or fifteen ready to be enrolled. Some could not be withstood. Soldiers were forthcoming, and D. O. Bowen has just visited the place, opening barracks too small, and a hearty "Thank God. The soldiers is going on all round. Telegrams from fifteen stations on Monday night, and soldiers as a result of battles. At one of these places named Woodville, on the 10th, had six seekers for purity, two

And £12 Collection

Next month at Dunedin, the Anniversary of the Army's work Colony is to be celebrated, in with the Colonel's recent visit is just upon eight years since lard opened fire upon the Salvation

A word about the Colonel. Capt. Holloway has now command a brave band of eleven of whom are now officers in the Army, Ensigns Gilchrist and The Staff-Capt. and a [illegible] ing a brass band, have [illegible] to make all the music [illegible] "manuscript" we shall have some details of this

War Notes.

BY WAR SCRIBE.

[illegible] xxxiii., 7.

[illegible] Commissioner has been very sick, thank God, is getting better.

[illegible] Chief Secretary and Mrs. Young have [illegible] from England.

[illegible] bands of Musical Musketeers are [illegible] welcome.

[illegible] Ensign C. Dawson and [illegible] McMillan.

[illegible] Baugh has had a good tour thro'

[illegible] that the Editorial Department is [illegible] need of WAR CRYS Nos. 210 to [illegible] Kindly send along any of these num- [illegible] you may have by you.

[illegible] Capt. Richards fought a good fight, [illegible] a real Army funeral, and has [illegible] heaven.

[illegible] sketch of the life, death, and promotion [illegible] Soule appears in this Cry. He [illegible] a brave warrior.

[illegible] of the girls recently drowned at St. [illegible] N.B., used to sit in Army meetings [illegible] city. Many times she had been [illegible] to Jesus.

[illegible] glad to note the letter from Colonel [illegible] in this issue, and also the first [illegible] of "Maori-land Missionaries," which [illegible] appears in this Cry. He has promised [illegible] monthly. Thank you, Colonel. [illegible] shall receive some Canadian news [illegible] time to time.

[illegible] Kaleidoscope Brigade" is a newly-[illegible] one. It emanates from Headquar- [illegible] Toronto, and consists of eight of the [illegible] working theorist.

[illegible] each wear a silk plug hat, and will [illegible] various corps around Toronto during [illegible] week-ends. Already they have had [illegible] success. Their photo will appear [illegible] week.

[illegible] ington is a little village by the lake, [illegible] Hamilton. It has the honor of send- [illegible] our late devoted comrade, Captain [illegible]

[illegible] Philpott, has sent a batch of news [illegible] the West Ontario Brigade. See [illegible]

[illegible] Mages brought the body of our [illegible] comrade, Capt. Fanny Richards, [illegible] route. He attended the funeral.

[illegible] in the London Division, is not [illegible] big place, but it contains a corps of [illegible] soldiers.

[illegible] Brass Band, composed of the [illegible] Brig. Philpott, travels through [illegible] with great success.

by a majority of thirty, declared that the traffic should cease so far as this country is mixed up with it. Hurrah!

The degourant wheel has now silent- a significant reproach to the bygone days of infatuated superstition; and the day is not far distant when side by side with this ancient weapon of destruction will be the ashes of the infernal opium poison. We may safely conclude that the Christian giving way which have impeded the Christian crusader in foreign fields. But let none of us be so stupid as to suppose that the coming reform is going to work, of its own accord, wonders in the direction of winning India or China to Christ. The fight will only be slightly less arduous. It is a fight still, and if we are to improve upon the shock which the devil's kingdom received in St. Stephen's on the 10th, we shall have to lift the Cross higher, preach Christ louder, strike deeper, fight fiercer, and live far above the fashions and maxims of this world.

Everything that is good for India is an encouragement to our lads and lassies there, and we rejoice with them in this hour of proper exultation."

the comrades of old No. 1, Richmond Street, Toronto, now hold their meetings in the St. Lawrence Hall, kindly lent to the Army by the city authorities, thanks to Commissioner Coatsworth and Captain Dyson.

Read the Competition Notes, and see how those D.O's load their carts.

Capt. Houston, of Orangeville, was recently called home on account of the illness of his brother, who has since died. Pray for the Captain and his friends in their trouble.

Captain Cowan, of the London Rescue Home, is about to make a tour through the Chatham Division. May God give her success.

In this issue appear some notes about the wedding tour of Brig. and Mrs. Margetts. Read them.

A man in the Far West told one of our D.O. outriders that God only lived in Ireland.

Staff-Capt. Vanallan has been appointed to Headquarters, London, England. Staff-Capt. McIlroy has farewelled from the Yeovil District, England.

"We hold court-martials on the devil at our corps; but this body of Christians has yet to be found who will have the honesty and courage to hold court-martials upon themselves in public meetings, to receive evidence of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and pass sentence upon one another amidst "Hallelujahs!"

"If there are no souls being saved, the Captain looks all round the platform for the cause, and the Christians in the audience look at the Captain. The people look at the Soldiers, and the Soldiers look at the people, but no one thinks of looking at himself. It would be safer, perhaps, for everybody to look to God."

Read the sketch of a French D.O's quarters, on another page.

Staff-Capt. Bennett had a successful tour in the East.

Adjt. and Mrs. Evans have lost their little baby girl. Mrs. Evans is still very sick. Will her comrades pray that God will lay His healing hand upon her. Pray for them.

Col. Bailey, now in charge of New Zealand, has promised to send Commissioner Adams a monthly batch of news for our Cry. Thanks, Colonel. God bless you, Mrs. B., and the little B's.

At Pembroke recently an Indian half-breed, a German lassie, and a big tough got saved, while the officers visited 166 families. Good week that.

The following is from the *La Chute Independent*:—"Some would-like-to-be-[illegible] smart jockey last Monday thought to have some fun around the Salvation Army ring in front of the hotel, annoying them not a little. Some gentleman, who was looking on with disgust, stopped him by showing him of his horse. Pride comes before a fall. Good out, Tommy."

When two of our officers were farewelling from Bedford an Advent minister preached the farewell sermon and finished up by exhorting each officer separately to stand true to God and never leave the Salvation Army.

As one of our outriders was on duty in the North West he visited a woman, who was so glad to see him that she cried for joy. She said, "It is something new."

I understand that the photos and lives of our glorified comrades—Adjt. Mrs. Jower, Capts. Viner and Richards—will appear in a group in a coming Cry. The Editor would like to receive any particulars of their life and warfare at once.

Capt. and Mrs. Greatrex, of Windsor, Ont., are going in for no real holiness lines and will sure to get the victory.

Look at page 16; note the appointments of the H. Q. staff, and if any of them come to your station, see to all you can to make their visit a success.

At Carberry, Man., on a recent Sunday night, the barracks was crowded to the rafters. Well done, Carberry. That's beautiful.

D. O.'s Beasley and McIntyre recently led three days' special meetings at Port Hope. One of them, formerly a farmer, a drunkard, and an agent, knelt together at the penitent-form. God is no respecter of persons. Oh, no.

Read the report from Carleton Place to be found near the end of the Cry.

"Straight and upright lives" is the motto of Capt. Cragg and her Lieutenant, of Deseronto.

Sergt. Dorsey writes:—"I hail the Cry every week and devour its contents with a greed rarely surpassed, because it carries an amount of inspiration to me. Believing in its value, I do my best to propagate it. I am glad to see the holiness column back again."

Mr. Lassie convert, of Brantford, was offered $50 to keep away from Army meetings.

At Galt, the corps is divided up on Sundays into two brigades, one holding ou in the barracks while the other holds forth in the Knox Cadetship.

At Vancouver some special meetings have been held with great success.

At Victoria the officers recently led "A B's of the Bible meeting." It went well. That's good, comrades, go in for something new.

Ensign Archibald has led a week of special holiness meetings at London I. Good results most follows.

At Guelph three converts left their pipes and tobacco on the penitent-form. Of course these devil's toys were demolished.

URGENTLY NEEDED.

To Officers, Soldiers, and Friends:

The Editorial Department, War Office, Toronto, are wanting Canadian WAR CRYS, Nos. 210 to 260 (inclusive), to make up file. If any of our officers having any of these numbers lying round and do not require them, will send them along to the Editorial Department, Toronto, God will reward them.

NOTE.—We are in urgent need of a few WAR CRYS of No. 337.

FAMOUS "WAR CRY" SELLERS

BY PUCK.

Praise God for another week of victory. The interest is increasing. Field officers are doing good work, as will be seen below.

Now that the ball has begun to roll it will, no doubt, roll on and on and on and on all over the Dominion.

I'll see that your name is inserted if you sell over 100 weekly. Don't fail to state the corps you are in, and also the date of the CRY you sell.

Let it be understood that if you get 25 cents for one WAR CRY you must not count five CRYS sold unless you give the other four away. Each WAR CRY must be a bona *fide* sale.

I could not say five CRYS had been circulated if a soldier got a quarter for one and kept the four. See the point?

Now for the winners. The following officers and soldiers have sold 30 (or over) CRYS during the past week:—

Lieut. Osmond, Chatham, Ont.	125
Sergt. Carse, Toronto I.	110
Sergt. N. Wallace, Toronto VI.	87
Sergt. Medlock, Toronto V.	75
Sergt. Major Morris, Toronto XI.	56
Sergt. Moore, Barrie	54
Sergt. Bella Cook, Tilsonburg	49
Capt. Mrs. Ayre, Port Hope	47
Capt. Ayre, Port Hope	43
Capt. Andrews, Sherbrooke	42
Capt. O'Neill, Ottawa T. D.	40
Capt. Daymond, Parry Harbor	39
Capt. Payne, Pembroke	33
Sergt. Mrs. Smith, Toronto V.	33
Sister M. Gardner, Orillia	33
Lieut. Kletting, Sherbrooke	30
Sergt. Dorsey, Toronto VI.	30
Total	977

Now for some satchishers.

Lieut. Osmond, of Chatham, Ont., challenges any other Lieut. in the Dominion. I see she has sold no less than 125. Who'll take up her challenge?

Sergt. Moore, of Barrie, is getting old and shaky, but he has again done good service, selling 54.

Then Father Dixon, of Toronto XI., comes on the scene again. His name need appear quite often, and he now challenges any officer, cadet, sergeant, or soldier, in Toronto. Well done, Father Dixon.

Oh, Father Dixon says that every week during the past five years he has never sold less than fifty CRYS. That means, he has sold 13,000 in the five years. Good.

Sister Gussie Andrews, of Orillia, should have sold another five, and then her name would have been in the List.

At Carleton Place the officers have been doing good work in the sale of the CRY. I believe they recently wanted for five hours selling 21 CRYS and 4 Y. S. God will bless such efforts.

Now, comrades, this is going to be a most interesting affair to all parties concerned. Twill help the sale of the CRY and encourage some holy, desperate fighting and competition.

Each CRY must be well and properly sold.

Don't forget to put the number and date of the CRY sold, otherwise no notice will be taken of the names. This is urgent.

A REWARD FOR PLUCK.

A female soldier once attended a public auction sale in full uniform. A gentleman eyed her, and thought her brave for daring to show her colors thus in such a public place. Just at this time a beautiful mantel was being sold. The gentleman bought it, and said it was the best he could see to the Salvationist who had thus bravely stood for Christ alone. God's Word says that no good thing will be laid from them that walk uprightly, and it is as true to-day as ever. People who seek first God's Kingdom are sure to have all good and necessary things added to them. Comrades, show your colors everywhere.

SANCTIFICATION.

What It Is.

1. What does the Army teach on the subject of the sanctification?

That a man may be delivered from *all sin*, and enabled to do the will of God *continually* in this life.

2. What is sin?

Sin is the transgression of the law. Doing that which we know we ought not to do, or refusing to do that which we ought to do.

3. What are doubtful actions?

Doubtful actions are those about the rightness and wrongness of which we have a doubt.

4. Are doubtful actions sinful?

Yes. The Bible represents them as such.

"He that doubteth is damned," or condemned.—Romans xiv. 23.

"Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."—Romans xiv. 22.

5. Can sin be spoken of both as an ACT and as a PRINCIPLE?

Yes, in the same way that you can speak of the fruit and the root of a tree. Sin, as an act, is the fruit; as a principle, it is the root.

6. What is sanctification?

Sanctification is the separation of the soul from sin, and the consecration of the soul to the will and service of God.

7. Can sanctification be PARTIAL? and can it be COMPLETE?

Yes; it is partial in nearly all persons when first converted, and entire when they are fully saved.

8. What is partial sanctification?

It is being delivered from the power of sin, and yet having sin existing in the soul; sin is there but it does not reign.

9. What is the difference between this state and that of a man before conversion?

Before conversion, a man is actually under the power and dominion of sin. He may see it to be evil, hate it, and struggle against it; but still he is under its power, and *forced to obey it*. For instance, see how Saul made resolutions, and break them directly. They cannot help but sin. A truly converted man has power over sin, but the root or the *principle of sin is still in the soul*.

10. What is entire sanctification?

Entire sanctification supposes complete deliverance. Sin is destroyed out of the soul, and all the powers, faculties, possessions, and influences of the soul are consecrated to the service and glory of God.

11. Then a man in the three conditions named stands in three distinct relationships to sin?

Yes.

I. He can be under sin.

II. He can be over sin.

III. He can be without sin?

12. Will you explain this further?

I. In an unconverted state he is under sin.

II. In a justified state he is over sin.

III. In an entirely sanctified state he is without sin.

13. What is sinless perfection?

Such a state as that of Adam before his fall, wherein, he being a perfect creature, was enabled to render a perfect obedience to the perfect law of God.

14. Is it possible to attain to sinless perfection in this life?

No. And *imperfect* creature cannot perfectly obey a perfect law, and man being imperfect, both in body and in mind, is plainly unable *to keep the perfect law*.

15. Then, the Army does not teach what is understood by the doctrine of sinless perfection?

Certainly not.

16. But does God require obedience to a law the keeping of which He knows to be utterly impossible?

No. We cannot imagine a benevolent Being working from one to ten when it is impossible, and then condemning us for not doing it.

17. What, then, is the law that He expects us to keep?

The law of love, as laid down and described by our Christ, when He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," or, in other words, "Love and serve Him with all the ability you possess, and I shall be satisfied."

18. When we talk of sanctification, or being made perfect, do we not generally mean ENTIRE sanctification?

Yes; and we also mean the same experience by such terms as Perfect Love, or Holiness, or The Blessing, or Full Salvation, or a Clean Heart, and the like.

19. If a man is what you call fully saved, or entirely sanctified, is he delivered from temptation?

No! Adam and Eve were tempted, and so was Jesus Christ, and they were holy; and the holier a man becomes, the more likely Satan is to tempt him. Holiness does not bring freedom from temptation, but *victory over it*.

20. Does sanctification mean that we are saved from mistakes in judgment?

No! That would be making us infallible. Still, sanctified souls are promised and do enjoy the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit; they acknowledge Him in all their ways, and He directs their paths.

21. Does holiness save men from bodily and mental infirmities?

No; but it frequently leads to a fuller sanctification of all the afflictions and infirmities from which raises suffer, and often to the exercise of faith for their deliverance.

"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."—James v. 15.

22. Does sanctification make it impossible to fall from grace?

No; Satan fell from heaven, and Adam from paradise, and they both were perfect, in a sense we cannot never be in this life; and we do not see any state of grace revealed in the Bible as attainable here from which it is not possible to fall. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

23. Does sanctification make it impossible for a person to attain to a higher state of grace in this life?

No! Sanctification means the cleansing of the heart from pride and unbelief and all other native evils, and so makes growth in grace certain and easy—just as the pulling up of the weeds in a garden is favorable to the growth and strength, and fruitfulness of the plants therein.—*S. A. Doctrines and Discipline.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A good combination — spirituality, alertability and "WAR CRY" push.

DO YOU PAY WHAT YOU OWE?

This question is addressed to every reader of the WAR CRY, whether a Salvationist or a church member. It may seem an impertinent question to ask, but it is in the interests of your souls I ask it, for, for I know there are hundreds of Salvation Army soldiers who are guilty of not paying their just and lawful debts. Someone may say, "Well, that is not me, for I don't owe a living soul a red cent;

I Pay for My Things

as I get them, so I am not one of the class mentioned above."

Not so fast, my comrade! Stop a moment. Do you pay your debts to God? Have you always, and do you now pay what you owe to God? You may answer, "I have given my heart, my life, my soul, and all I have to Him, what more can I do?" Much more. Your answer is dealing in generalities, but let us particularize. Do you give to the Lord one tenth of your income? For instance, if your salary is $10 per week Go I claim $1 of that amount for His cause and the support of His work. Or, if your income is only $6 per week, or whatever amount it may be, God claims the tenth part for His service.

Have You been Paying God

what you owe Him? But you may say, "Where is the proof from Scripture that I am a debtor to God for my income?" Well, dear comrade, get your Bible and turn to the 17th chap. of Leviticus and the 30th verse; the second book of Chronicles, 31st chap. and 5th verse; Malachi 3rd chap. and 10th verse; Luke xi. 38; Acts xx. 35; 1 Cor. xvi. 2; 2 Cor. ix. 7, and many others will be found if you take to concordance and search them out. God's Word abounds with commands upon this line.

"Well, but what shall I gain if I begin to pay do take to this tithing of my income?"

Your gain will be manifold. 1st. You will have the consciousness that you are literally fulfilling your obligations to God. 2nd. You will be relieved from any anxiety as to whether you have done all the Lord requires you to do with your money. 3rd. Your prayers will be answered without waiting to His cause. 3rd. The cause of Christ will prosper in your corps; your officers' hearts will be made glad, and you will be lifted from their minds a severe strain, which is one of the hardest that a Salvation Army officer has to work under, viz., financial burdens.

I am persuaded in my own mind that if the soldiers of every corps in the Salvation Army were to do their duty on this line there would be no

Need for all this Begging

that has to be done in meetings, and which spoil the spirituality of a meeting. There would be less need of bazaars, silver collections, etc., etc.

Soldiers of the Salvation Army, the charge is laid at your door. What have you to say in reply? Let me give you a few facts that have come under my own observation during the last years that I have spent in public salvation work. I have found as a rule that in every corps there are always a few who do most of the giving, while the great mass are doing nothing, or next to nothing. A corps in which I have recently worked will answer as an illustration, but I know the illustration could be duplicated all over the Dominion. There was

A Membership of Sixty Soldiers,

and the average weekly amount given by these sixty persons to support the work of God in that place, including collections, cartridges, gifts of food, etc., did not exceed 90 per week. This is allowing a large margin. But on closer investigation I find that eight persons gave fully one third of that amount, leaving $4 as the contribution of fifty-two persons for one week, and this is allowing a very large margin. To come more to the point,

Less than Eight Cents per Week

was the amount given by each person towards the support of the Gospel in that place, while according to the teaching of God's Word on the subject, and according to their circumstances, $25.50 was the amount they ought to have given, whilst it was the entire income of that corps from all sources, both from the public and from the soldiers, was about one third of that amount.

It is no wonder that the Lord withholds His Holy Spirit from such stingy souls. Read Mal. iii. 1st. 3rd and 10th, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it," etc.

Now, what God wants is people who will take Him at His word and put Him to the test. Many are willing to do this in spiritual things, but not in temporal, and so they are stunted in their spiritual life. The conviction has forced itself upon my mind that many of our officers who are in ill-health are in that state because they are physically

Through the Avarice and Close-Fistedness

of some of their soldiers, who withheld from the Lord's cause their lawful and just dues. Many of our dear officers today are in need of bacon, clothing, and through the fault of many of their (sanctified?) soldiers, who scarcely ever give anything to the support of these devoted officers, who in scores of cases would rather die than ask for these things. But I think the time has come for our officers all over the land to rise up in a loud voice in protestation and unanimously in every corps teach the plain Scriptural truths

On the Matter of Giving.

A person cannot be sanctified who is selfish and close-fisted, for "the love of money is the root of all evil." But in this matter, as in every other branch of our work, we as officers, must lead the way.

1st. By practising giving a tenth ourselves. If your salary is only one dollar, faithfully devote ten cents of that dollar to God's work, and so in proportion, and you will be astonished at the result.

2nd. Talk about this subject from the platform, when visiting in the holiness and soldiers' meetings. For I have found that there are many dear soldiers who are glad to get instruction on this point. And I can say that I love to give instruction to get a definite experience yourself first, and then you can speak with assurance. My own personal experience on this point is, that since my wife and I have consecrated the tenth of our income to the Lord, we have had more to give, and have

Felt Greater Delight in Giving

than ever we did before. My plan is, as soon as I get any money as the result of it set aside a tenth part for the Lord, which I keep in a box by itself. This is known as "the Lord's Fund." I then enter into a book the amount, put into the box, with the date, and on the opposite page I put down how the money is expended, and I find at the end of every month, "the Lord's Fund." For as fast as I give out I have more sent in, and the consequence is I have peace from God on the line of giving. as I know I am doing what God requires of me, and I am able to help in many cases where I could not under the old way of doing things in a hap-hazard state, I would say, "I can't afford to do anything." I am confident that if every corps were under this system, we could do away with many of these objectionable collections at the door, and there would be less begging done in our meetings, and as a result, the spiritual work would prosper.

Comrade, will you begin from to-day to set aside ten cents from every dollar you get to be spent in helping on the cause of Christ? If so, tell your Captain your determination, and God's blessing will rest upon your work, and then God will open the windows of heaven and shower down blessings upon your soul. I remain, yours in Jesus' love,

CAPT. J. C. LUNDAYE.

"Saved and Died in an Army Barracks," in next week's "War Cry."

Have You Been Cremated?

The recent death of a scientist, a prominent judge, and a well-known member of Parliament, followed by the burning of their bodies at Woking, near London *War Cry* has brought the question of burning very forcibly before the minds of those who take heed to the signs of the times, and whilst learned societies and others are discussing as to the advisability of doing away with the old way of burying our dead, and substituting the cremation system, which according to the populations of our great cities would necessitate the establishment of cremation ovens, we think the subject has a lesson for professing Christian. There is a time in which our lot is cast, such a difference between professing and profane, that a few thoughts on this subject may prove very helpful to some souls. Have you been cremated? It may seem a strange question, and a very unsatisfactory one to put to anyone you know, when put from a spiritual point of view. The Bible speaks of a cremation as seem so great. Moses, in speaking of the children of Israel, says, in Deut. xxxii. "The Lord is a consuming fire." The prophet Isaiah, in his xxx 33rd chapter and verse, says, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly, shall dwell on high, bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure." Do

Those who wish to Escape

from the everlasting burnings, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, must first of all have the spiritual influence and refining fire of divine power applied to their hearts. Have you been cremated? Have your forces well thoroughly cleansed or burned away, and your personal nature been wholly subjected to the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, effectual banishment of your former life, sorrow and shame? His refining consuming fire has been effectually exercising and renovating your whole nature, and as from the ashes of the man you died at the stake sprang the phœnix formation from the ashes of your former self may spring a great and glorious work which may be the means in God's hands, of bringing untold and lasting blessings to thousands—that is if you have had implanted in your nature that love of God which constrained those who have been brought into contact with him, to lay out their whole life, time, money and all they possessed, for God's glory.

If this is the case, go forward at once, strong in His strength, and trust in His power to achieve that which He hath called you. But perhaps

The Refining Process is not complete

in your case, perhaps the act of cremation has not been completely consummated because of some lurking selfishness or uneasiness on your part. If this is the case, for the sake of your own eternal welfare, for the benefit of the thousands of lost and starving souls around you, and for God's glory, let us yield ourselves up to the Holy Spirit and unreservedly, in order that the process may be effectually completed.

And after the fire of cleansing and purification has been applied, it is not necessary for us to be filled with the Holy God's love, to impel us to labor for Christ, with one soul, or an hundred, or an angels do it in heaven, and as in the days of old, when the apostles were all gathered together, with one accord, divine power fire cast upon each of them, that they were filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance, so shall it be with us.

Oh! trembling one, go on, for God hath called thee to do His work, and if thou art afraid of His chastening hand, He has led thee thus far, he assured He will not leave thee nor forsake thee. He will go before thee in cloudy pillars as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, and if you not lead thee forth to the promised land, yet He will be thy guide and a pillar of fire to the glorious kingdom of our Lord and His Christ? May your prayer be well-known unto us, as we do often sing:

Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy light through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

And when we have got the fire of refiness and purification in our souls, we shall be ready for a fresh baptism of the fire from heaven that shall send us along the highway of holiness, consecration and self-denial, to the uttermost ends of the earth, in view, the everlasting enjoyment of the nations that sit in darkness, and be assured that we will be the means of bringing some of more than

"Saved and Died in an Army Barracks," in next week's "War Cry."

The Army in Dr. Wild's Church, Toronto.

The following account of a Social Reform meeting held in the Bond Street Church lecture room, we cull from *The World* of April 30th:—

STRANGER THAN FICTION WERE THE TALES THE S. A. AGENTS TOLD.

THE GOOD THEY ARE DOING.

There was a large attendance in the lecture-room of Bond-street Congregational Church last night, to hear a recital of how far the local branch of the Salvation Army, or approximating to General Booth's scheme, as detailed in "Darkest England,"

General Booth

—AS—

ABBOT SAMSON.

Pen and Ink Sketch by a Gentleman.

Mr. Stevenson, of "the Glasgow Social Union, has a very interesting article on "Darkest England; the Way Out and The Leader," in the *Westminster Review* for April. Mr. Stevenson begins by describing Mr. Herbert Mill's scheme for home colonization. He then proceeds to give the following pen-and-ink sketch of General Booth:—

The head and General of the Army is the Rev. Wm. Booth, a man who has proved himself

To be a Born Leader,

what Carlyle, in his Bible English, calls an Abbeman. "The finding of your Abbeman, and getting him invested with the symbols of ability, is the business, well or ill-accomplished, of all social procedure in this world." Mr. Booth has effectually in a fearful business, that of having your Abbeman to seek, and not knowing how to proceed about it.

Fortunately for those of us who would gladly seek new departure in social methods he is not to seek, for he is struggling in every where, stirring the people for this great struggle against poverty, vice and crime. And what manner of man is he? Readers of Carlyle who have seen the General lately may have been reminded of "the clear beaming eyeshpit of Abbot Samson, steadfast, sovereign, all penetrating, flashing into you in an almost inconvenient way." This "very eminent nose" is there, too, and he is altogether "a man worth looking at." Few more striking figures ever stood on a public platform; the tall, spare form; the ascetic

Eager Face, Keen yet Kindly,

hungering for sympathy with the great work he is engaged in; the silvered hair and long grey beard as of some old Hebrew prophet or law-giver; the unstudied but harmonious gestures, all go to make up a personality not easily to be forgotten. But those who meet him in closer intimacy are even more impressed by the every-day man himself. No one can be in his presence long without feeling that the strange magnetic influence which all Nature's born leaders seem to exercise, and which, instantly subjugates and makes willing followers of the most unlikely. Nevertheless he is almost childlike in his simplicity and utter absence of self-consciousness. Childlike, he certainly is in his faith, which is boundless, and without which he could never have undertaken at sixty-one years of age the task he has mapped out for himself. He is abstemious (a fanatic, *ate almost no animal food, and the food he does eat is almost and wholly vegetarian*) of course, like his whole Army, he is a total abstainer from alcohol in all forms. He is cheerful, he is hopeful, he is cheerful; he is always ready to join in conversation, and what he says shows that he has brought out for himself, and thought out to some purpose, most of the social problems which trouble our men of light and learning.

An Inspector of Schools whom I knew lodging, say, and who has made education a study all his life, after going to Samson's, views very fully on the subject, said, "I see you are

A Disciple of John Ruskin,

like myself." With Ruskin, though I have never read any thing of his save his "Sesame and Lilies," he replied, "but I have had a good deal to do with children."

The fact seems to be that he has an unlimited power of absorbing ideas, which he is able to pour forth again at the right moment, toned and revivified by his own enthusiastic nature. Whence he has got his energy I cannot fathom.

Walt Whitman says, "Why are there men and women that while they are nigh me the sunlight expands my blood? Why, when they leave me, do my pennants of joy sink flat and limp?" Like Walt Whitman, too, he has the rare gift of giving himself, an idea made familiar to us in the "Song of the Open Road"—

"Camerade, I give you my hand! I give you my love more precious than money! I give you myself."

But General Booth is no stunted ascetic. He can be merry on occasion, and he is as versatile as Father O'Flynn.

RESCUE WORK IN AUSTRALIA.

By Realm Evangeline Hope.

ONE OUT OF MANY.

"Are you two Rescue officers?" said a gentleman advancing towards two Cadets who were hurrying through the Fitzroy Gardens laden with *War Cries*.

"No, sir," replied, every one of the girls. "We are Cadets from the Training Home."

"Well," said the gentleman, "I suppose you work for Rescue officers in becoming Rescue officers for the time being?"

"Oh, no, sir! we are quite willing to do *anything* for Jesus."

"Well, then, just follow me," said the stranger, with a strange smile, and he led the way to a spot in the Gardens where lay stretched out exposed to the burning rays of an almost vertical sun, a young woman of some twenty summers, the covering of any kind shielded her poor head from the scorching heat, whilst her matted hair and upturned face, pale and illused, seemed to say, "No one cares for my soul."

The Cadets, two fresh, innocent girls, not long from their mother's roof, had evidently never come in contact with one so degraded before; but, inexperienced as they were, they at once set to work in earnest to awake the sleeper from her death-like stupor, and after many relapses, they eventually succeeded in arousing the poor drunkard to a sitting posture.

The next step was to get her on her feet, and then keep her there. After due consent was obtained, to take her home, a last victory crowned their persevering efforts.

"Are wring one was on her feet! This was just splendid. Each girl now seized an arm, and, linking it in her own, the "procession" commenced, and they set out towards the Army Headquarters in Collins street.

A gentleman—who, for some reason or other, had, at the outset, retired to the cool shade of a tree, where he keenly watched the whole proceedings—now followed them at a convenient distance, and listened intently to the conversation.

"Do, dear, why did you touch the drink, dear?" said one of them tenderly, as she vainly tried to look all right, and steady herself under her portion of the weight.

"Yes," repeated the other one, catching at the bright idea, as she staggered along under here. "Yes, dear, why did you touch it? I'm sure you must feel quite poorly. I'm sure you must."

The conversation was suddenly cut short by the total collapse of the drunken woman. Hence, after a little manœuvring, and of struggling and hoisting, she was again reinstated on her feet, and the "procession" and conversation went on as before.

At last they were out of the Gardens and on the principal thoroughfare, and so far from men of business and ladies of fashion.

Some looked upon the trio with contempt and scorn, and thought the girls would be better in "respectable" service than bothering their heads about the refuse of a drunken woman. Others again, looked on with smiles of approval at the pluck and courage the girls displayed. Truly it needed full salvation to endure such public gaze and comment!

At last they reached headquarters, where, in the waiting-room, assigned to the Rescue Department, they joyfully deposited their burden.

The poor, weary creature looked round, and asked that the door might be shut. Her desire was complied with, and she sank on the floor, rolled up in a ball, refusing to be moved, and was soon fast asleep.

When I returned from our meeting in the Melbourne gaol, three hours afterwards, she still lay there, and I could not resist the good word spoken to her in her church. He would rejoice to see souls saved in the meeting to-night. Secretary Gordon and Lieut. Eve's Sunshine, Mr. and Mr. G——— thanked God that over six years ago, through the efforts of a Cadet and four soldiers, he was brought to the Cross. Hallelujah. Lieuts. Hitch, Farnsworth, and others, spoke. Mr. Soake, our Indian Scotchman, sang and testified. He spoke in broken language of the white people. Capt. Hay said the number of times he used to pick apples and potatoes, etc., was washed away in the Sea of God's forgetfulness, and urged the young and old to give up sin and come to Christ. Capt. and Mrs. Mudge sang and spoke, as well as several others. The D.O. dealt out the truth, urging all to come to the Cross, and believe a real work was done, which will stand the test of the Judgment, if they God does the Rightness of Jesus. They love the S. A. The D.O. went on to Dutton.

Capt. ALF ARMSTRONG.

Choice Chatham Cheers

Around Ridgetown and Highgate.

Officers' Council and Jubilee—Old Friends to the Front—Seven Seats for the King—A Piece of Lemon Given to Army—Almost Two Hundred Dollars Promised for Barracks—Walked 32 Miles—The Price of New Paint—D.O. Howell and Wife Leading.

"Captain, I would like you to go to Ridgetown for a week-end with me," said the D.O.

"All right, sir, I would like to see the old battle-ground once more."

We arrived in Chatham Saturday morning, and were met by the Captain at the station, and put in the afternoon visiting old friends. The meeting at night was an

Old-Fashioned Free-and-Easy.

All seemed to enjoy themselves. Sunday was a day of blessing to the people. Things came for a deeper work of grace, one sister asking God to take her temper away, and to help her pray with her unsaved husband. She professed to get the victory. In the afternoon the band to the front, and a nice sermon by the D.O. on Christian duty, and several holding up their hands to be prayed for. Mrs. Howell gave some Gospel truths, and several professed to live in

Captaining of Six Prisoners

for the King. On Monday, officers' council. Eighteen people were present, a couple of candidates. The D.O. spoke on "Discouragement" and "Encouragement." Capt. Reeve said he was happy, and felt grace in. He has not been feeling well for several weeks. Lieut. Andrews had walked twenty-three miles. He felt blessed and well repaid. The Captain was a most interesting one, as the D.O. revealed to the people a secret to the effect that Mr. Simmington had deed over a lot for the Army to erect a barracks on. God bless the giver. Capt. Mudge led the experience meeting. A Highgate man, who had left the Army back, after being away over six years. A collection was taken up to get a pair of trousers for a prisoner. Six seats gave $4. Several donations were given for the barracks. One man

Promised a Week's Work, &c.

I understand there is upwards of two hundred dollars promised towards the building. Six seats were taken in Highgate. They are a proper lot. We closed with one soul for our King.

At Highgate the Captain had arranged for a special meeting, and about fifty soldiers and officers were present, including Lieut. Colonel Gaskin and Mrs. Gaskin. It was well filled. Their old friend, Captain Mudge had been announced. Bad farmer chores kept him away. Mr. Gaskin, who said he always embraced every opportunity to speak for the Master. They had a good word from Lieut. Colonel Gaskin, as to give my readers an idea of some of the characters with whom we have to deal.

That same evening she was taken to our Fitzroy Rescue Home, and was soon fast asleep in one of the cosy little cots.

But what about the gentleman who was so mysteriously interested in the rescue of the fallen woman? Why, he turned out to be no other than one of our inquiry officers—Lieutenant Teesdale, who had been engaged on special duty in private work, thus accounting for his non-uniformed condition—and seeing the two new cadets he thought he would put them to the test, and see how much they would do for Jesus. He is now of opinion that they stand the test well, and he is well satisfied, believe a real work was done, which will stand the test of the Judgment, if they God does the Rightness of Jesus. They love the S. A. The D.O. went on to Dutton.

Capt. ALF ARMSTRONG.

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Read! Note!! Look!!!

The following little table will give our officers a very good idea of those stations that ought to be in the Competition List. We insert the number taken by each, the Division each is in, the officer stationed at each and the required number which must be added to their present order, so as to come through with flying colors:—

Station.	No. Taken.	Division.	No. Required.	Officer in charge.
Tonawanda	70	Woodstock	8	Gaskin.
Renfrew	70	Ottawa	9	Crewe.
Cow Bay	70	Halifax	5	Gamble.
Oxford	70	Nanaimo	5	Rickerson.
Sackville	70	Moncton	5	Crook.
Tyndall	70	Portage	10	Vincent.
Toronto X	70	Toronto	15	Smith.
Sarnia	70	Sarnia	15	Jones.
Smyrna	60	Barrie	15	M. Cam.
Exeter	60	Brampton	15	Morrison.
Chatham	60	London	15	Collis
Port Elgin	60	London	15	Enoch.
Ottawa	60	Ottawa	15	Pedlar.
Almonte	60	Ottawa	15	Petrie.
Perth	60	Perth	15	Ingram.
Canning, N.S.	60	Halifax	15	Clark.
Kentville, N.S.	60	Halifax	15	Spencer.
Bobcaygeon	60	Peterboro	20	Lefay.
Port Hope	60	Peterboro	20	Richmond.
Walkerville	60	Kingston	20	Lesher.
Dundalk	60	Toronto	20	Wrighte.
Bellhouse	50	Toronto	25	Cass.
Port Hope	50	Peterboro	25	Weekes.
Port Hope	50	Hamilton	25	Holman.
Hogansville	50	Toronto	25	Jeffries.
Thedford	50	London	25	Ross.
Wyoming	50	London	25	Hoseman.
Drayton	50	London	25	McAmmond.
Paisley	50	London	25	Gray.
Bayside	50	Peterboro	25	Rock.
Stouffville	50	Peterboro	25	Richards.
Moncomb	50	Manitoba	25	Mrs Bell.
Dorchester	50	Manitoba	25	J. Green.
Pugwash	50	Moncton	25	Hunter.
Sussex	50	Moncton	25	Young.

What Cadet Quick Says.

I love the Garrison very much and will never forget the teaching received from God while here. Capt. Chapman and Lieut. Sandilo are very good to us in every way, and the Lord is so good to us all. Praise Him. Staff-Capt. Fisher lectured to the Cadets last Wednesday morning on "Theoretical, Practical, and Christlike sympathy." It was grand. I am sure God helped him to reach us all, that we may be practical, and we may do things because it is right to do them; but if we havn't got the love of God in our hearts, it avails us nothing. The afternoon lecture also was good. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Read encouraged us and gave us some real, Spiritual advice in conducting Salvation meetings. God bless them. It was a good day to my soul. Pray living for God and souls.—Cadet E. J. QUICK, Lisgar Street T. G.

War Cry Sellers. We are very glad to note still greater interest manifested on the part of officers and soldiers, in the matter of personal WAR CRY selling on the streets, in the saloons, and elsewhere. A glance at the column headed "Famous WAR CRY sellers," will give our readers a good idea of what is really being done. Then we notice, too, that there are a few challenges going on. This will serve to create interest, and altogether we are sure that this new departure will prove a blessing in many ways. Next week we should be able to insert the names of at least fifty Salvationists selling over thirty Cry weekly. Keep it up, comrades.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1 VICTORY IS COMING.

EDITH L.—.

TUNE—*Stand up, stand up for Jesus.*

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye Army soldiers true,
Lift high our royal banner,
Of yellow, red and blue.
We'll win in every nation,
Though hard the fight may be;
We'll fight for our Jehovah,
For God our strength shall be.

CHORUS.

The day of victory's coming,
Fight on, fight on for Jesus,
No matter what folks say:
For He is ever with us,
Throughout life's endless day.
They're sure to criticise us,
And say we're going mad;
But still we'll fight for Jesus,
For He has made us glad.

Speak up, speak up for Jesus,
In street, or lane, or hall;
We're every congregation,
Whether great or very small
With "Blood-and-fire" our motto,
The Gospel shot we'll fire
We soldiers of God's Army,
Will fight and never tire.

2 COME NOW.

BY STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL, NEW YORK.

TUNE—"*Juanita,*" or "*Long o'er the mountains.*"

Poor, weary sinner,
With thy sad and burdened heart,
For rest and freedom,
Make just now a start.
Let no more temptations
Keep you from your Saviour's side;
Seek His great salvation,
And in it abide.

REPRAIN.

Jesus is willing all thy sins to wash away
Put off no longer—no more delay!

Thy life is passing;
Swift thy chances fly away;
Let Jesus save thee
While 'tis called to-day.
Lest in keen anguish,
And in awful, dark despair,
Thou in hell sh uld'st languish,
Where there is no pray'r.

Jesus is waiting
All thy life to make anew;
His precious promise
Thee cannot now prove true.
But complete surrender
Thou to Him must make of all—
Test His love so tender,
And for mercy call.

3 GET ON BOARD.

C. R—.

TUNE—*A never-failing Friend.*

The salvation lifeboat is out on life's sea,
To rescue, to succor, to save;
The Captain is Jesus, the crew are all brave,
And rescue all who believe.
Enough oft toned about,
Yet "Glory!" they shout;
The Captain cries out, "Come to Me."
Oh, step in the lifeboat and you shall be saved,
Though sinking beneath the wild sea.

CHORUS.

Step in the boat to-day, (repeat)
Step in the boat to-day,
There's room for all, both great and small,
Step in the boat to-day.

The salvation lifeboat is sailing beneath
The Yellow, the Red, and the Blue;
It takes every station to all on life's waves,
And brings poor, lost sinners safe through.

"Pis seeking the lost,
On life's tempest tossed,
'Tis out on life's waves night and day;
Hark! Jesus, the Captain, cries out through the gloom,
"I'm coming; oh, look unto Me."

The salvation lifeboat is seeking to save
The harlots, the drunkards, the thieves,
The liars, the swearers, the gamblers, the knaves,
The cursers, and all who believe.
Oh, step in the boat,
Christ says that you may,
The lifeboat is sent out for all;
Though weary, and sinking, and almost dismayed,
Oh, step in the boat at His call.

The salvation lifeboat has saved many souls,
Though driven well nigh to despair;
They have looked to the Captain. He's pardoned their sins,
A crown now in glory they wear.
And still He's the same,
His name we proclaim,
He'll rescue you now without fee;
Oh, come now, poor sinner, whoever you be,
And step in the lifeboat to-day.

4 THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD'S EXPERIENCE.

CAPTAIN Y.

TUNE—*Tell it again.*

All through this broad world I wander
No one to love me, no friends and no home;
I am so weary I wish I could die,
And meet my dear mother beyond the sky.

CHORUS.

No one loves me, no one loves me.
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead;
Now through this broad world I wander
No one to love me, no friends and no home.

My own dear mamma to heaven has gone.
Now in this cold world I'm left all alone;
My clothes are all ragged, my shoes, too, are torn,
And those who once loved me now pass me with scorn.

Father drank whisky and drove me from home,
Now up and down through the streets I must roam,
Begging for money and something to eat,
Laughed at, and scorned at by many I meet.

Poor little May with her sad, aching heart,
From mother, and home, and friends she must part,
In sorest distress and agony wild,
Saying, "I'm only a drunkard's lone child."

Little May no longer wanders alone,
Jesus now dwells in her once dreary home;
Father and May are now happy all day,
Jesus has taken their sins all away.

5 HASTE TO JESUS.

LIEUT. A. S—.

TUNE—*We are out on the ocean sailing.*

Oh, poor sinner, come to Jesus
With your load of guilt and sin,
In His precious blood He'll wash you,
Then you'll be made more within.

CHORUS.

Hasten, sinner, to your Saviour,
Time is swiftly flying fast;
Or in hell you'll soon be crying,
"My day of grace is now gone past."

Jesus waits in love to save you,
With His arms extended wide;
While with loving words He's pleading,
"I was for you I was crucified."

Do not spurn His offered mercy
Which was purchased on the Tree;
But cry to Jesus for forgiveness,
And He'll set your poor soul free.

What God's Child Thinks.

DEAR EDITOR.—I have often thought of writing a few lines for your valuable WAR CRY. I have been a reader of the CRY for some time, and must say it has been a blessing to me many times. I think a great deal of the Army, and believe they are the most Christlike people in the world. When I read of their work among the poor and outcast, I think some of the churches are far behind. I often wonder why Christian people as a general rule look down on them so much. I am glad I have never been too proud to speak to them and worship God with them. May the Lord wake up those churches to their duty, or perhaps the poor despised Army will go into the Kingdom first. God bless the Army and give them many souls, is the prayer of

GOD'S CHILD.

At Ottawa two young men recently apologized publicly for disturbing an Army meeting. They must have locked small. In the future they will beware.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Capt. Fanny M. P. Richards, who came from Toronto V. in March, 1895, and stationed at St. Mary's, presented to us on May 2nd, from St. Marys.

Capt. Charles Dawson, who came out from Guelph, February 10th, 1891, and was in charge of the Toronto Prison Gate Home, to be *Ensign*.

Capt. Alex. McMillan, who came out from England, April, 1896, and was in charge of the Kingston Prison Gate Home to be *Ensign*.

Lieut. William Hoff, of Dundas, to be *Capt.*

Cadet Sarah Johnston; of Brandon Corps, to be *Lieut.*

APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN MAGEE, of the London Division, to be *Spiritual Special* in the Ontario Brigade, under Brigadier Pollpot.

MARRIED—

Capt. George D. Hazle, who came out from Montreal II. in August, 1895, and is now stationed at Napanee, to *Capt. Hannah Pringle*, who also came out from Montreal II. in February, 1896, and has been resting for some time at Napanee, on May 4th, 1896, by Brigadier Glover.

ERRATA—

Captain Viner came out of Barington in July, 1896, and not '95 as printed last week.

WAR CRY

SATURDAY, MAY 16TH, 1896.

Pray For Him. Since the Commissioner's arrival from England he has been very sick indeed, but we are glad to say that he is now getting over the attack of "Grippe," which has laid him so low. Again, we ask our comrades throughout the Dominion to pray that our dear leader may be speedily restored to perfect health and strength, so as to be able to lay hold of, and overcome, the many difficulties which devotee upon him.

To D. O's. For the past few weeks there has been a falling off in divisional matter for insertion in the Cry. We know that the divisional officers have avoid work, which must occupy their whole time; but it is right and proper that the Canadian field at large should know how the war goes on in the respective divisions. We therefore trust, that amid all their other duties, the D. Os. will remember the Cry and keep it well stocked with interesting news, facts, and items of progress of God's Kingdom.

Christ's Church (?) We call the following from a Toronto Methodist Church. Bloor Street Methodist Church, Sunday evening. "The young ladies of the S. S. A. A., Central Methodist Church, Bloor Street, will give a social on Tuesday evening. *National songs, dress and decorations with refreshments, will be the order of the evening. Tickets are selling rapidly.*" We wonder when Christ's so-called people will follow His example, and go out into the highways and hedges to win the souls that still walks. Yet, we are encouraged in the fact, that God has still a "Chosen Generation," "a Peculiar People." We are glad that there is a Judgment Day coming, when people will be judged *according to their works.*

Capt. Richards. After a painful illness, Capt. Fanny Richards went home to glory from St. Marys, on Sunday, May 2nd. We cannot, in this issue, give detailed particulars of her life-work, usefulness, death, and funeral, but will do so in a future issue. The soldier-warrior has gone to the front ranks of the King's army, have been reduced, and again promoted to command. "Be ye also ready." Commander-in-chief, your guard, fighting, and death will have no terrors.

This week, while out selling War Crys, I entered a saloon, and the proprietor happened to be in the cellar, and I walked over to the hatch way and asked him to buy a copy of the War Cry, but the sight of the dear old Cry must have frightened him, for he would not come up, but got behind a cask and hid himself, so that I went out. I find the Word of God is more than a match for the devil.—Cadet GEO. DOWELL, Lippincott T. G.

TO BACKSLIDERS!

The General's advice to those who have fallen from grace and backslidden, is, not to lie there, but to get up as quickly as possible and go on again. Now, we believe a saint can lose his saintship and become a sinner, and we also believe and know that God can and will pardon all such if they are penitent and seek His forgiveness. Now, backslider, come home!

At The Army in Toronto.

Picker writes:—

"Being in Toronto last Saturday night Lot course, made up my mind that I would spend my time at the Army. I saw the march, led by one whom I had known some time ago as Adjt. Read, of the Chatham Division, now Staff-Capt. and Editor of the WAR CRY. God bless him. I had to miss the first meeting, but got in just as they were going into the prayer-meeting.

After a Hard Battle,

led by Staff-Capt. Read, Capt. Clark, his Lieut. and Cadets, one dear man sought and found Him. Hallelujah! I was so blessed that I made up my mind I would not go to church at all on Sunday, but attend the army all day. I was up at 6 a.m., and at 7 was found with the Editor and a goodly number of comrades praising God in the Temple basement. The Editor was all there with his concertina. A little mouse fell from the gas-pipes above, right before the musicians, but they were so interested in the meeting, they screamed not. I thought I would march with the Army at 10.30, though I have marched with them before, so I was on time and off we went, having a splendid open-air on a leading street-corner. Inside, of course, I enjoyed myself. There was a very noisy man there. I heard them call him "Bad Firemen." He said, "If I had the fear of man I would close my eyes and look at Jesus." Lieut. McColl said "some people say, I backslid because I got too near the crosses, but I believe it is just the reverse. They backslide because

They Hang in the Back-ground

and don't take up the crosses." Capt. Clark remarked, "If God had a message for us to deliver He would not accept its delivery by some one else. He often sings, 'Let me be thy mouth-piece,' and we never saw a cornet mouth-piece used in a back ground, or even in the rear."

Mrs. Read gripped the crowd as she read of the True Vine. I was back in the after-noon, and I will just tell you a few of the sayings by the comrades. One said, "I the little gipsy boy who lay in the hall I been living in Salvation many days he would have heard the message long before he did." Another said, "Once I studied science and could tell you everything that God did, but I could not tell you anything about Salvation, but now since I am saved, He reveals all things to me."

The Candidate Man

said, "The biggest cross for some people is to speak for Jesus; mine would be not to speak for Him." Mrs. Read again said, "Wells of Salvation, "showing the true joy of those who really possess His salvation. Right through the night meeting, God was present and His name glorified.

What of the Canadian Warfare?

READ THESE INTERESTING REPORTS AND GIVE GOD THE GLORY.

Toughs Publicly Apologise—A Violent Tramp—The Old Flag—The Old Policy—The Damnable Liquor—Donations Wanted—105 Families Visited—A German Saved—Trades Union—A Wicked Drink Demon—Thrilling News of the War, &c., &c., &c.

Leaving Pipes and Tobacco.

GUELPH.—Thank God we are having victory. We have been having some proper times of late. The band meeting was a success—a good crowd and a good collection. The people appreciated the music and singing very much, especially the trio sung by bandsman Whetstone and Sergts. McCullough and Simpson, also the singing and guitar accompaniment of sisters A. and E. Hall. We had our beloved D. O., Ensign, and Scribe with us for two days last week. The counsel and encouragement they gave was very beneficial to all. God bless them. During the last two weeks we have seen *twelve* precious souls seeking Jesus, and we have good reason to believe that they found Him. Three of them left their pipes and tobacco at the penitent-form. "Sir Walter" soon demolished the pipes, and the tobacco will not be found again. I would just like to say that the Guelph soldiers have not lost their love for souls. No, nothing gives them as much joy as to see sinners coming to Christ. They reminded me of a lot of blood-hounds after the people the other night, and when they got them to the penitent-form they did not fold their arms, but worked and prayed until the sinners got the light.—Capt. Savage.

A Trades Union Meeting.

WHEATLEY.—During the past week God has been with us, and helped us to fight our battles. On Wednesday evening we had a "Medley Meeting." We enjoyed ourselves immensely. We also had a "Trades Union Meeting" on Saturday night. Amongst the number who represented their various trades was the hallelujah watchmaker, the carpenter, the farmer, the dressmaker, and the housemaid. Yesterday, Sunday, God's power was felt. In the afternoon meeting I spoke to a *lady* about her soul, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she said she wanted to serve God. She came out boldly, and we believe God saved her.—Capt. J. Hunt.

Volunteers for Service.

BLENHEIM.—We are very glad to be able to report victory through the precious blood. In our Friday night's holiness meeting a dear woman cried to God for pardon, which she has ever since testified she received, and is determined to be a true follower of the Lamb. On Sunday night two young lads volunteered out, and got gloriously saved. Trusting in our Leader we are sure to win.—Capt. and Mrs. Rowe.

Over Thirty Surrendered

LONDON I.—We are moving along in London I. During the past week we have had a week's holiness meetings, led by Ensign Archibald, which have proved a great blessing. Over thirty who had grown cold in their souls, came and surrendered themselves afresh to God. I believe we shall feel the benefit of this in our public meetings. We love the comrades, and if united, we shall win great victories for our King.—Capt. Josh Jones.

They Publicly Apologized.

OTTAWA T. G.—We praise God for bringing *six* souls to Himself. Four of these were saved yesterday, Sunday, which closed a blessed day, full of victory and blessing. Two young men who had disturbed a meeting during the week, were let off, promising to *make a public apology*. This they did yesterday afternoon, saying they were sorry for what they had done, and promised it should not occur again. Our soldiers' and holiness meetings have been largely attended during the past week, and rich blessings have been received. There is quite an improvement in the number of Bibles being brought to these meetings. We trust much profit will be gained by the reading of God's Word.—Capt. and Mrs. Connett.

Eight for the Week.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—The Lord has been doing wonderful things here of late. The meetings during the past week have been filled with the Spirit. Soldiers and Christians are rejoicing with the joy of knowing Jesus, and the joy of seeing souls saved and enlisting in the service of the King. Hallelujah. Sunday night *three*—a farmer, clerk, and agent—knelt at Jesus' feet and He took them in. Monday night, a brother of one of our Sergeants, found Christ. Tuesday night, one who had started before, but had not the light, came and professed to find the Saviour. Wednesday, Rescue Home meeting, where tea, sugar, etc. put in an appearance for the Home. Two left their burden at the foot of the Cross. Thursday night, we had a public enrollment, big crowd, and *one* soul. And last night, Friday, shouts of rejoicing arose, as a man who had not for years attended any place of worship, but at one time studied for the ministry, got blessedly saved. Oh, that wind up! It was good to be there, as the Salvationists were not behind when the dancing and waving began. Total for the week, *eight* prisoners and *two* backsliders.—Laura Aikenhead.

An Old Woman Made Happy.

PORT HOPE.—We are still booming away here, doing our best for the building up of the Kingdom of our Christ. Since last report *three* have made their peace with God, and some have come for cleansing. Several others are convicted, but will not yield. We have had "three days' big go," which I have no doubt will be fully reported by the D. O. or Scribe. We had a grand day yesterday, with the largest number at knee-drill that have been for many months. One dear old sister who had been seeking to find Salvation, came forward in the afternoon and soon found Christ to the great joy of her soul, and went away rejoicing.—Capt. Ayre.

A Violent-Tempered Tramp.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We are neither dead nor sleeping, but fighting. Last Wednesday we had a "Bees of the Bible" meeting. It was both interesting and peculiar. A brother sang a song on the subject, of his own composition. He was a tramp before he got saved, and had such a temper, he would walk four blocks to get a stone to throw at a dog that looked cross at him. Praise God, the lion is turned into the lamb. Last night *one* prodigal returned to the fold.—Lieut. Collett.

The Plucky Six.

ORANGEVILLE.—On Wednesday night we had a grand open-air meeting, when hundreds listened to six Salvationists telling about Jesus and His power to save. We then marched to the barracks, where we had a very nice crowd. On Saturday night we had another good march and an open-air meeting. Although there were only three of us, thank God, we had over a hundred people standing around our ring, who listened to all we had to say. Good crowds, good order, and good collections. The soldiers and Christians were filled with the Spirit of God. They spoke with power and influence.—Lieut. E. Lee.

What the Musketeers Play.

WELLAND.—I just want to tell you that the Lord is giving us some victories here. Since taking charge we have been privileged to point *two* souls and *one* backslider to Jesus. Two or three others have been forward, but they didn't pay the price, therefore left without the Article. The Musketeers have just paid us a visit. They were made a blessing. Their music is fine—real Salvation Army music. Come again, Griff. & Co., we guarantee you a packed house next time.—Capt. J. Thompson.

A Sermon like a Pipestem.

TORONTO X.—Since last report God has been giving us times of blessing and power in spite of the devil. We had Adjt. Addie and Ensign Logan with us last Thursday night to help give the chariot a push, and God remembered us by sending Staff-Capt. Fisher and wife to help us on Saturday night and Sunday. We had good meetings, but no one would yield to God. Brother Hawkins said yesterday in the meeting, "I am all packed up and labelled for glory." Father Bye still feels like fighting on and telling of the love of Jesus. He said his sermon was like a pipestem, could be broken off anywhere.—Capt. Smith and Lieut. Robinson.

Again He gets Left.

SUNBURY.—We are still fighting away in the strength of God. The devil looks on, growls and mourns over the fact that since the last report he has lost *one* more of his slaves whom he had in his employ for some time, but who can now sing, "Free from the bondage, free from the fear."—Capt. Forman.

SEELEY'S BAY.—Since last report we have left our comrades in Portsmouth and arrived in Seeley's Bay. Although they have had no officers here for some time, we find a few good soldiers willing to work for God. Cannot report any souls yet; still, Jesus bids us labor on.—Captain S. Tinney.

DIGBY, N. S.—Faith has triumphed, enemy defeated, *one* prisoner and a *backslider* captured. The wounded are about to surrender. The battle is the Lord's.—Capt. Sis McDonald.

A General Rousing.

CARLETON PLACE. —I got here at last. On Saturday night the people came good to the open-air. Inside meeting, good. Sunday, God was with us. 150 people at night. Forty cents collection. God bless the people. Monday night they wondered what was up to hear the drum and see three of us marching and singing as we go. Tuesday, Captain arrives. Soldiers' meeting. Wednesday and Thursday, "Oh, come and see the new officers." Friday, we had Adjt. Leonard and Ensign Moore. Jesus was with us. Deep conviction. Saturday, a hard battle with War Crys. No interest, seemingly. After five hours' fight, sold 21 W. C. and 4 Y. S. Big crowd in open-air. One poor old man who stood by the ring gave Capt. 25 cts., and said we were good talkers. He followed us to the barracks and gave 75 cts. because we were good singers, and finished up by saying, "That's a dollar I ga' ye to-night." Sunday, hard fight. Seven at knee-drill. Holiness meeting, God made Himself manifest, and two made a full consecration. At night, after making a special appeal to the dear people, we received donations amounting to $2.25. No souls yet. God is for us, and in us. Victory is ours.—Lieut. M. A. Ollis.

Straight and Upright.

DESERONTO.—God is with us. Soldiers and converts more than ever feel that they must live right to be S. A. soldiers. "Straight and upright lives," is the motto of Capt. Cragg and her Lieut.

All at the Penitent-form.

MADOC.—We have been moving on very nicely here of late. We have had with us the *Best* man and God helped him wonderfully to deal out the straight truth. We have been to council and arrived in Madoc again all O. K. Some new songs were sung Saturday night, and it seemed to take the people. Then we commenced Sunday morning with two of the sisters to lead a knee-drill, where we felt much of the power of God. Holiness meeting, grand; everyone at the penitent-form seeking more of God. Afternoon and night were times of blessing and joy.—Capt. Whyte.

Short, But Pithy.

DRAYTON.—Hallelujah. Another week spent for God. Good meetings all day Sunday, and *one* prisoner captured. Give to Jesus glory.—Capt. McAmmond.

The Old Flag! The Old Policy!

TORONTO I. — God is with us. He has been working mightily in our midst. Souls are being saved. The Lord is being glorified, and in fact, I have not a complaint to make. We arrived here safe on Thursday, April 2nd, and found things in good condition, with corps free from debt and soldiers determined to do their part for God. Truly God has poured out such blessings that at times our hearts have not been able to contain them. This week has been a glorious one and since our arrival *eighteen poor sin-stricken souls have sought forgiveness*, amongst whom are some hard cases. I am glad to say my heart is in the right place and it has a right centre in view. Souls shall be saved. God helps us to teach them His ways. May God bless you all.—Capt. W. J. Dyson.

GEORGETOWN, P.E.I.-Just a few lines to let you know we are not dead yet in Georgetown, but are in to upset the old devil. I would like to see him killed. God will help us to make him run.—Capt. A. Rafuse.

That Cursed Liquor!

BRAMPTON.—We are on the rise here in Brampton. The Lord is helping us in a wonderful way. Since our last report one precious soul entered into life and liberty. On April 23rd we had with us Capt. Carpenter for a special meeting. The Lord helped him wonderfully. The meeting was grand and each person went away more than ever concerned about eternal things. On April 25th and 26th Adjt. Miller and Capt. Andrews were present for special meetings. On Saturday night, one poor backslider came to the Lord. Although under the influence of that cursed liquor, we believe God did something in his heart that will make a change in his life. The Sunday meetings were times of power. Many were seen in tears. Christ and His wonderful power to save and keep, was the theme of the meetings. Although no one came to the Lord, yet we feel confident that a work was done for eternity.—Capt. W. J. Wakefield and Wife.

That Terrible Drink Demon.

GALT.—We have had some good soul-stirring times, and we feel confident, although we have not seen much tangible proof, that the Lord has been working in our meetings. Conviction is rife. Oh yes! The harvest is great, and we are looking forward to a mighty breaking-up of the fallow ground shortly. Hallelujah to the Lion of Judah who can break every chain and give us the victory again and again. We had *one* dear man out last week who had sunk down deep under the influence of the Drink Demon, but now gives good evidence of turning, both a better man and husband through the grace of God, [illegible] to God. On Saturday, the [illegible] menced running two [illegible] and the other outside [illegible] poor attendance during [illegible] Had good spiritual times in the [illegible] where many were seen to [illegible] who were never seen within [illegible] *God bless the open-airs.* If we [illegible] go in with the proper "blood and fire" [illegible] sure there must be an awakening [illegible] dry bones in the valley of Ga[illegible] jah!

"No we never, never, never will give [illegible]
No we won't,
For we mean to have the victory [illegible]
Jesus."

—Candidate Creighton for Capt. Turner.

Understand the Spirit.

TILSONBURG.—We are [illegible] of power and blessing here. We [illegible] marching on to victory. On [illegible] last we had a blessed time. The Spirit of God took hold of *one* dear brother and he came and got saved. He is now [illegible] for the Saviour. On Sunday, a good time all day. The soldiers are getting to understand the workings of the Holy Spirit. The Lord is for us, who can be against us?—R. Elliott.

A Council of War.

WOODSTOCK, Ont.—You have not heard from us for a few weeks as we could not report souls, but God is leading us and [illegible] trust helping us to do His own work, although not seeing the results we would like. We had our Brigadier and Staff with us this last week for special meetings and Council of war, and had a good spiritual time. God is going to give us the victory.—Capt. Maltby.

No, not for Fifty Dollars!

BRANTFORD.—The band has got into full uniform and looks well. They desire to play souls into the fountain. A recent convert was offered fifty dollars to miss one meeting from the Salvation Army, but it didn't win her. A musician came to Jesus on Friday night and found that He could save even him. Ensign Cunningham, Happy Charlie, and Happy Jimmie, have done a week-end with us. The latter was converted in the Toronto Central Prison and is doing well. There was also Happy Joe, who keeps things lively wherever he is.—Capt. Ashton.

Refining Fire at Work.

WINDSOR, ONT.—Truly, God is working with us, and confirming the Word with signs following. The Truth, backed by the power of the Holy Ghost, is doing a grand work, and is cutting like a two-edged sword, and revealing to men and women their true state of heart. I must say, holiness is at a low ebb in this place. Formality and lukewarmness abound, and sounding brass is plentiful, but men and women who live holy, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, are very scarce. I am glad to say, however, that God has manifested His saving power in the salvation of *twelve* souls and *six* backsliders in three weeks and two days, besides the souls that have entered into the fulness of the Divine life. The corps is getting built up. God is purging it from everything unlike Himself, and I believe God will get to Himself a holy people, who are full of the Holy Ghost and of fire.—Harry Greatrex, Capt.

All Kinds of Tactics.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—We are having victory here in Vancouver. Souls are being saved and backsliders reclaimed, but still we are not satisfied—far from it. We have been having special meetings lately, in fact, we have nothing else these days; we are obliged to do something to get the people to come, and *to rouse the devil's* [illegible]. One evening we had a "surprise party," when the soldiers and Cadet turned out and left their uniform at home, Captain being the only one recognizable as a Salvationist. We started it by having a silent march, which so aroused the people's curiosity that they came in crowds to see what "those crazy loons" were up to. It was indeed a "surprise party," and the devil got surprised, too, for before the meeting closed *two* precious souls sought and found Salvation. Last Sunday afternoon [illegible] our comrades were enroled under the yellow, red, and blue flag. May God keep them true. Since last report, [illegible] have turned right about, down at the mercy seat. Praise God. Of course the devil is kicking, he wouldn't be the devil if he didn't, but we are in for thrashing him with all our might. Hallelujah.—Cadet Westacott.

Hell's Landlord.

STANSTEAD JUNCTION.—This place is still on the move. It is not closed up, neither are the soldiers *all* dead. Arriving here we found the people ready to give us a hearty welcome. Praise God, we are trying as hard as two girls can to give the devil a real tough time of it, and we are having victory. Last Sunday morning [illegible] enemy, the Land lord of the [illegible] Pit, lost one of his followers. [illegible] God! We are believing for a [illegible] to be done here.—Capt. Bella [illegible]

Twelve Miles out of Town.

CARBERRY, MAN.—Once again the devil is defeated and victory is won for Christ our King. Last Sunday, *two* precious souls were rescued from sin, and claimed the pardon that was purchased for them at so great a price on Calvary. Sunday night, the barracks was crowded to the door, and the platform too. Praise the Lord. Tuesday night, we had our Soldiers' meeting at the Sergt-Majors', twelve miles out of town. We had a blessed time to our souls and enjoyed the drive immensely. Converts, soldiers, and officers are all well saved and brim full of love for God and souls.—Lieut. Jennie Dimmick.

MOOSEJAW, MAN.—We welcome Cadet Johnston to Moosejaw, and pray she may be made a mighty blessing to both saint and sinner. The weather being very pleasant, it seems rather difficult to get the crowds. [Try more open-air work, Capt.]—Ed. Yet we will not cease to do our duty, and feel sure our labours will not be in vain. Jesus is so real to us lately, and is giving us such blessed victories in our own personal experience. Yes, we will fight, and Christ shall reign.—Capt. Gordon and Cadet Johnston.

"Pleading Minnie's" Visit.

ACTON—It is some time since I have written to the Cry. [You should write oftener, Captain.—Ed.] I am sorry I can't report souls, but we are sowing the seed and looking for the harvest. On April 11th, 12th and 13th we had three days' special meetings. We had with us our D. O., Ensign Steele, Scribe Peard, and Capt. and Mrs. Mutton, the latter better known as "Pleading Minnie." All were glad to see her, she being the first officer stationed here. Our meetings were very good. On Monday quite a nice number came to our banquet with the officers from Guelph and Rockwood. On Tuesday, 14th, we wended our way through the mud and rain, after some difficulty in getting started, and reached a small place called Limehouse, where we had a very nice meeting.—Capt. H. Scarr.

RAPID CITY, MAN.—We leave Brandon for Rapid City, feeling sure of victory. We had a beautiful meeting in the afternoon. The Spirit of the Lord worked wonderfully with the people. Tears were seen in their eyes as Lieut. Kindree sang, "We shall all meet again on the Great Judgment Morning." At night, we had a blessed meeting. Although we saw no visible results, we know the seed was sown and will grow for God. Glory! We are getting on well in our souls. Hallelujah!—Sergt. E. McKay.

Down on the Devil

BURIN, N. F.—I suppose you would like to hear how we are getting along here. We have had good meetings all the week. The Lord has been working here in a wonderful manner. *Three* prisoners and *two* backsliders have returned to their loving Saviour. Glory be to God for ever. We are more than ever down on the devil. We mean victory through the Blood of Christ our Saviour.—Sergt. E. Legg.

He Prayed Twice a Day.

MORDEN, MAN.—Hallelujah, our God shall reign. Yesterday, God was with us all day and blessed us. A brother in the holiness meeting who had been away all the winter, was with us. While away, he heard that the Army had died out here, but he was glad to see we were alive and going up. He had never forgot to offer a prayer twice a day to God for us. Hallelujah! Also *one* brother came and gave himself to God and God saved him. He was on the march and platform at night and testified. The devil tried to frighten us while on the march in the afternoon, but didn't succeed. We are up to his tricks now.—Capt Isaacson, & Lieut. Thomas.

Tommy's First Appointment.

SHELBURNE.—After training as Cadet for four months, orders came on April 21st to proceed to Shelburne at once. Capt. Cass and one soldier met me at the station. We have ten enrolled soldiers now with three or four recruits. The fighting seems very hard for the small band of Salvationists here. Meetings are powerful. Deep conviction is evident in nearly every meeting, and *two* have cried for mercy since April 15th, making nine since Capt. has been here. Crowds are not bad, but finances are low, and it is a hard pull, but we are united for victory, and we shall have it, I believe.—Lieut. Thos. H. McLeod, for Capt. Cass.

A Donation, Please.

TORONTO II., T.G.—I have just taken charge of the corps and garrison work here and find lots of work and also lots of blessings. Glory to God! In the two weeks three have come out for Salvation and a number for sanctification. Cadet Ritchie has farewelled from the G. and gone to Richmond street. Cadet McLeod has been promoted to Lieut. and gone to Shelburne. We have risen in the War Cry List, and so the war goes on. Brig. and Mrs. Margetts have been welcomed home. The meeting was a blessed one, and all were glad to see him and his wife. If any of my old friends should read this report I pray that God will touch their hearts to send along a good donation to help our Garrison.—Capt. T. Coombs.

SUSSEX, N.B. — Victory — good meetings—three souls. More to follow.—Capt. Young.

God Bless the Resting Officers.

DUNDAS.—While looking back over the past week we thank God for victory. We have seen *two* come out for more of God. They determined to be more and more out and out. Although having seen no sinners cry to God, yet we feel that we shall see the result of our labors. Yesterday, Sunday, we had a glorious day to our souls. Captains Moss, Walker, Dean, and Lieut. Branigan were with us, and the devil got it in great shape, and in asking the dear people for a special collection they responded nobly. God bless them. God bless the resting officers. Amen! Capt. Neuert is absent on account of sickness. Comrades, pray for him. — Lieut. Will Heift.

The Devil's Big Lie.

BERLIN.—This is the place where the devil is hard at work. Yes, and so are God's warriors. We have often sang, "We never will give in." Never in all our experience were we more determined to carry it out than we are at present. The battle is a real one, yet, thanks be to God, we are sure to win. The foe tries in a great many ways to defeat us, but so far we have come off more than conquerors. Hallelujah. Our aim is to get people properly saved. The devil says, "You can be saved, and drink and fight," but God saves us from all our sins. Faith, hard work, and holy living, must conquer.—Capt. Fisher.

MIDLAND.—We have had a visit from Major Calhoun and Adjt. Michiel. The meeting was good, and God spoke to the people. Five recruits were enroled as soldiers.—Capt. E. Wiseman.

105 Families Visited.

PEMBROKE.—Among those who have presented themselves at our penitent-form for salvation lately is an Indian half-breed, a German lassie, and a man who goes by the name of "Wild Bill M——," said to be one of the hardest seeds in town. God has blessed us much in visiting from door to door. This last week we visited 105 families, spending 22½ hours. In asking one woman as to the welfare of her soul, she replied, "I have no soul, mine is a gizzard." Another (a Roman Catholic) accused me of committing a sin because I forgot to shut her gate. *We are delighted with the "War Cry," Editor, especially of late. We can hardly lay it down until we have finished it.* Our order was all sold out, but one copy last week, so look out for a rise.—The One-legged Prophet.

More News From Our B.C. Outriders.

She Cried for Joy—Fording a River—God Lives in Ireland—Like Hell Fire and Purgatory—Near Death's Door—On the Horse's Tail.

"Well, Captain, if we cannot cross the Spence's Bridge we shall have to swim our horses across the river."

I soon placed my hand on the paddle and my horse began to snort, but after a little work, by the help of two Indians, we reached the other side.

Bob's horse could but wouldn't cross the river, so he stopped and had a nice meeting here while I spent Sunday at Ashcroft and Cashe Creek. Good meetings.

Monday was spent

Selling "All the Worlds,"

and visiting. I came to a little cabin by the side of the road and went to the door. The old man was eating dinner. He wanted me to tie my horse and come in to dinner. I had some venison and beans. The people call them cariboo strawberries. I also visited a woman, and she was so glad I had come to see her she cried for joy. It was something new. She said, "I am so glad you came to see me."

Tuesday, Capt. Smith and myself stopped at a cabin by the side of the road. Out came a man, and he wanted to know if we had made any more saints. We told him God could make him a saint if he wanted to be one. He said, "No," and also stated that God did not live in this country. We asked him where God lived. He said, "God lives in Ireland." At this his frying pan caught fire on the stove and he tried to put it out, but could not. He muttered, "It burns like hell fire and purgatory." We told him our message and rode on.

At Clinton two lads partly drunk marched with us. Good meetings.

At Lillooet we spent Sunday, but no souls came to Jesus. Gold mining is the attraction at present.

Monday we start for Lytton. After travelling some miles, we halt at a nice place where the grass is growing, so our horses get a bite, also Bob and myself eat our lunch and drink from a water-trough, which leads the water from the mountain to the Fraser river for mining. We sang that old chorus—

"I'll be true, Lord, to Thee,
Whate'er may befall
I shall surely conquer all
If I am but true to Thee."

And while we were many miles from any Salvationists, God blessed us while we lifted our hearts to Him in prayer. Hallelujah! We visited

An Old Man Near Death.

He asked us if America and Italy were going to war. We told him Jesus could prepare him for heaven.

Now, Mr. Editor, this big slide nearly takes my breath away, so I let my horse go ahead and take hold of her tail and she pulls me up beautiful. At this place, if our horse slipped off the track, it would slide many hundred feet down the mountain and then into the river.

Well, the people are coming to the meeting if it is raining. The singing and playing the tambourine put a smile on their faces at this place. We had a real good talk in the meeting. No one came to Jesus.

In the morning we bid Lytton good-day and arrive at Spence's Bridge safe and sound, horses feeling good, also meeting Mr. Murray who greeted us with a smile. There is sunshine in my soul.

Capt. Geo. L. Arkett.

THE Social Wing Musketeers.

New Glasgow, Halifax II., Dartmouth, Halifax I., Windsor, and Annapolis, Visited—Splendid Crowds and Blessed Meetings.

It has come my turn to report the meetings of the Social Wing Musketeers in their tour in the Halifax District.

After bidding good-bye to Capt. Blackburn and the kind friends of Picton, we got on board the steamer *Egerton*, booked for New Glasgow. On arriving at the port, we were met by Capt. Kimble, who has recently taken charge, and piloted to our billets.

We assembled at the barracks at night for a great march through the town, which was an "old timer." The band played lively Salvation airs along the line of march, which roused the whole place. The McNeil Hall, which had been engaged for the occasion, was filled with a large and appreciative audience who had come to hear the working of the Social Reform Scheme in the Dominion.

The meeting opened by Staff-Capt. Bolton giving out the song, "We are marching o'er the regions, etc." This was heartily sung by the large congregation present. After several had prayed, the meeting was thrown open for testimonies. The soldiers pitched in well and gave some grand testimonies of God's power to save and keep. They fairly "boiled over," from the commencement of the meeting, to its finish. The songs and music by the band and Sergt. Greenman's song, with guitar accompaniment, "If there's any mercy here, Lord send it down to me, Hallelujah!" was one of the special features of the the meeting here.

Staff-Capt. Bolton's address on the

Social Reform Scheme,

was full of interesting facts concerning our work. His remarks were listened to with rapt attention by the audience. He made an earnest appeal on behalf of the Scheme. The people responded liberally and gave us some $48 to help us in our efforts to rescue the fallen of the land.

The band played "Almost Persuaded" as we went into the prayer meeting. Although no one came out, we believe the result of the meeting will be in the Salvation of souls.

We packed our grips the next morning and took the train for Halifax. On arrival at the station, Adjt. Collier was waiting, and gave us a hearty welcome.

Halifax II. was our first appointment here. The soldiers turned out well. We had a splendid march at night. Several hundreds stood around the open-air ring. Inside the meeting was good. Lieut. Angus sang about the "Red Maria," which went well.

We had a lively time at this corps. Adjt. Collier and wife, Capt. S. Matthews and Lieut. Davis, Financial Specials Capts. H. Hartrey and Williams, cheered us by their presence. Staff-Capt. Bolton was all there. The music was grand, the songs were just the thing. We closed a blessed meeting. It indeed was good to be there.

Dartmouth was next on the list, across the waters from the city of Halifax. Capt. Davis and Lieut. Edwards are in charge. Our meeting was a grand success. We had with us the Ex-Methodist Minister, the Hallelujah Poetess, the Celebrated Cornetist, the Wonderful Guitar Player from the West, the Saved Bird, the Hallelujah Street, the Vocalist from England, and the man who manipulates on the organ. The people helped us well in the shape of donations for our Social Reform work. God bless them.

Our next place was Halifax I. Here God was with us. We met at night for a great march. A procession of soldiers of Nos. I. and III. corps, headed by the Social Wing Band, swept down the street, stirring sinners of every description, and bringing to our barracks a splendid crowd. Plenty of life and enthusiasm amongst the soldiers that gathered for this special meeting. The songs by Ensign Golds, Lieuts. Angus, Cadet Bird and Sergt. Greenman took immense; Staff-Capt. Bolton's address on the Social Reform Scheme was just the thing. The donations inside were large, amounting to some $34 in cash. We would have liked to have remained longer, but we are off to Windsor. I might say that Capt. Hall, Adjt. Collier and the different city officers have done their very best to make our visit a success.

Windsor was the next stopping-place. How shall I begin to describe our visit to this town? The kind reception we got from the people of Windsor was simply delightful. A good crowd of soldiers mustered for the open-air. A fine audience greeted us at the barracks. The music by the band was superb; the songs by the Musketeers were rendered in fine style, especially the song about "The General's Dream." Thank God for a General who can dream. His dream is coming true. The Social Reform Scheme was fully explained by Staff-Capt. Bolton. The meeting was a grand success all through. The people helped us grandly. Capt. Desbrisay and her Lieut have well hold, and are having victory on every hand. Praise God!

Resuming our journey by rail, we now pass Lawrencetown, and crossing the Annapolis river at Bridgetown, we follow its winding course through a lovely vale to Annapolis, the site of the first town settled in Acadia, where we were announced to hold special meetings on the Saturday and Sunday.

The Saturday night meeting was good, and proved a success in every way. A very nice crowd greeted us at the barracks on our arrival from the march. With songs and music, and testimonies by the Band a most enjoyable time was spent.

The holiness meeting at 11 was something above the ordinary, and proved a great blessing to our souls. God did indeed draw very near.

We met at 2:30 for a march, then to the barracks for a free-and-easy meeting. We had a very profitable time.

At night the barracks was well filled by a large and intelligent audience. As the testimonies were given, many were held spell-bound by the mighty convicting power of God. The Staff then urged upon all to seek Christ and submit to His government. Although no one surrendered, we believe a mighty work was done to be revealed only at the Great Day of eternity. "May God save them" is our prayer.

Capt. Creighton and his Lieut. are having grand success, and God is owning their labors in a wonderful manner.

I must leave the next week's meetings for someone else to report.

Ensign Golds.

RALLY ROUND THE BANNER.

BY "MAC," LINDSAY.

Tune—*Razors in de air.*

Soldiers of the Heavenly King,
Rally round the banner;
If the vict'ry you would win,
Rally round the Cross.
Stand your ground and face the foe,
Rally round the banner;
Soon his ranks we'll overthrow,
Rally round the Cross.

CHORUS.

Marching on, marching on to glory,
Marching on, the Army's marching on;
We'll fight for King Jesus,
We'll fight till we die,
We'll fight for King Jesus every day,
Yes! yes! yes!
We'll fight with all our might,
For we're battling for the right,
Signs of victory greet us everywhere,
Every day, every day,
Every day we'll fight for Jesus, yes
[Repeat lines 3 to 7 of chorus.

Our Commander knows no fear,
In the charge He's always near;
"Forward!" is our battle cry,
On, to conquer or to die.

Never let our flag be furled,
Hope it brings to all the world;
Let it wave from sea to sea,
Slaves of sin shall be set free.

Who will join our ranks to-night?
Who will fight for God and right?
Gird the Gospel armor on,
Fight the fight, and win the crown!

Major Baugh's Visit to P. E. Island.

24 Miles of Ice—Crowded Meetings—Council-of-War—Healthy Officers—Friendly Musketeers—Souls Saved and Sanctified.

"I am going to Prince Edward Island in a few days," said Major Baugh to me, "and I would like you to go with me, if you can arrange it." So I did arrange it, and on the 14th got aboard the cars with our comrades, the Musical Musketeers No. 11., on my way to join Major Baugh at Spring Hill Junction, and had the pleasure of taking dinner with them there.

We arrived at Oxford in the evening and held a very interesting and powerful meeting there. Although Oxford seems to be hard, yet things are generally looking up. God is blessing the labors of the officers. Hallelujah!

Proceeding next day to Pugwash, that pretty little town, we were met at the station by the officers on our arrival, and at night held a well-attended meeting, and have no doubt that some good was done. I wish I could tell you the name of the brother at whose house we stayed, but he lives a mile or so out of the town. He is a soldier, and has

Two Daughters in the Field.

His kindness and that of his dear wife is unbounded, and so if I forget his name, I have not forgotten his kindness. No doubt you know his name.

Next morning we rose early to catch the train for Pictou, where my old and loved friend, Sammy Blackburn, is now stationed. The Army has a good hold in Pictou, and Sammy is moving things wonderfully. At 7:30 a good crowd of soldiers mustered and we sallied forth, string band to the front, Sammy's violin and mine. Such a crowd and such music you never saw or heard. What with chords and discords, sharps and flats, quavers and demisemiquavers. Well, what we did not make of discords and flats and quavers was not worth making, but we got the crowd, and

The Hall was Packed,

and God was there and we had a blessed meeting. One soul came out and got saved, and on our return from the Island she was on the platform and sang a solo. God bless her. Others stood up for prayer. Altogether, it was a most wonderful meeting. We were followed to each of the above places by the Musical Musketeers, and here next day we met them at the station. The band played round the town, and they can play, I assure you. They accompanied us down to the s.s. *Stanley* on our way to P.E. Island. Soon we hear "All Aboard," and we are off. There was plenty of ice in the Straits. The captain said we went through twenty-four miles of it. To see the *Stanley* fight her way through is most interesting. It was her first trip to Charlottetown this season, so she had to make her own way sometimes. What she can't get through she gets over, but you see

She Has the Power Within Her.

I pray God to make me like her in my difficulties, what I can't get through to get over, through the propelling power of God within. Amen. A thousand people were waiting on the wharf at Charlottetown, among them the officers and a few soldiers and many friends who were glad to see us. A hurried cup of tea and we are off to the open-air. We have the most compact S.A. barracks here I think I ever saw. It is lovely to sing or speak in, perfect in light, sound, ventilation and centrality. Our meetings were indescribable. The barracks was just packed to the doors. The Major conducted four inside meetings on Sunday besides the open-airs. The Holiness meeting in the morning was a time of power. Some definite testimonies on Holiness were given, and two sisters (not soldiers) came forward at the close and sought a definite cleansing. Many Christians testified in the afternoon meeting. At night the error of the "only believe doctrine" was dealt with and contrasted with our personal obligation of "striving," "seeking," "knocking," "taking in order," "to find," "to enter," "to receive" the salvation Christ offers, and which

He Bought with His Blood.

Although no one responded to the invitations given yet we felt that God had helped us and blessed us all, and good was done.

A jubilee was announced for Monday night. The officers from Summerside and Georgetown arrived during the morning, and in the afternoon met for a council of war, in which we all received some fatherly advice from God and the Major. The principal points were—"Our own personal religion and our work." "To save the lost, to help the weak, to be patient towards all men." Altogether it was a time of blessing and rejoicing which brought greater determination to our hearts to do more for God in the future.

The Jubilee was a

Heavenly Tornado of Song,

joy and salvation. Oh, how these dear people do sing. It would do you good to hear them. The duet by Capt. Fradsham and her Lieut. brought down the house. It was something about Willie getting the Lord to excuse his papa from going to heaven 'cause he couldn't leave the store. Ah, many will want excusing, but there will be no excuse in that day. Capt. Allen read the lesson. Candidate Knight played a trombone solo. The soldiers testified and sang of the power of God to save and keep. The Major expounded and illustrated the way of salvation, and at last we closed a glorious meeting. We need not say we were delighted with Charlottetown. The officers have things well in hand, and you may expect more glorious victories from here soon. God grant it.

Next morning we were on our way to Summerside, where

Red Hot Truths

were poured into the enemy's ranks. Capt. Allen and his Lieut will no doubt do much good by the power of the Spirit of God. I forgot to say we stayed with Brother and Sister Jost in Charlottetown, and with Brother and Sister Hinton here. God bless them for their kindness to us.

We found the Georgetown officers next day at the station all smiling and as healthy as they could be in soul and body. We had a general waking-up time here. We had no drum, so on the march felt rather quiet, but inside enjoyed a real good Salvation meeting. The soldiers are doing well and the officers are getting along nicely. God bless them. One poor girl came out there for salvation, and as she

Had Often Tried Before

very little faith in God was exercised for her, but some of us believed, and she believed and professed to find mercy. God bless her and help her to be true.

Returning to Charlottetown next day we held another crowded meeting, and next morning took the boat for Pictou, where at night another Salvation blizzard was the topic. An excellent crowd attended and a good time was spent. We returned home on Saturday tired but blessed in our souls, thankful to God for salvation and the S.A., delighted that we had been permitted to do something for God. God bless P. E. Island. Amen.

Yours at the Cross,
Capt. J. Watson.

A Good Week-End at Brampton.

On the occasion of my first visit to Brampton, I was much struck with the excellent opportunities that the Army has in that place. 1st. The splendid barracks. 2nd. The readiness of the people to listen. 3rd. The generosity manifested when the collection is taken up.

With these advantages nothing should prevent the onward roll of the chariot wheels in that town.

On the night of Saturday, April 25th, the people gathered in strong force to listen at the Main Street, to the simple testimonies of the S.A. God also met there and took hold of the hearts of the people. One man living four miles out in the country meant to go home with the companions with whom he had been drinking, but the Spirit of God told him to go to the meeting, therefore he went, came out in the prayer meeting at the first invitation given, and then and there

The Shackles Fell Off.

He was sobered and converted. Praise God!

Eight instead of the expected five met at seven a.m. the following day. A good holiness meeting, where work for eternity and life was done, was preceded by a Juniors' meeting, at which the Adjutant had the joy of pointing one dear young child to the Saviour as her personal Redeemer.

All round one end of the town, through streets, meadows, and creeks, wandered the afternoon march of the noisy Army, making houses, trees, and vales resound with the glorious sounds of "conquering Christianity" songs, followed by another God-convicting open-air; then into the barracks came the crowd, and while that old stager, Headquarters "Happy Andrews" led the hosts on to victory, things moved along merrily, spiritually, and financially.

Jesus came very near at night, so did the crowd to Him, and listened to the story of His suffering love, but though so near none fell into fountain, and we closed somewhere between ten and the next thirty minutes sad yet happy, tired yet ready to tire, and went home with that grand experience, the Saviour's blessing and "Well done," while down the crowd went one step nearer hell, the eternal abode of the damned, yet defeated once more, we gain fresh courage, and will continue the fight as often as strength and opportunities allow.

[illegible] T. Miller,

Notes About the West Ontario Brigade

Well, we have a fine Baby Brass Band made up of our little Staff. On Sunday we held forth at Exeter, and God gave us a grand time. The opera house was well filled, and *three* souls came to Jesus.

• • •

One young man jumped up in the middle of the hall on Sunday, leaped over the back of a chair, and came weeping to the Cross. It was like old times, and caused the tears to flow from many eyes.

• • •

The Staff all came away with the opinion that Exeter is one of those places that needs some hard work and good living to make it one of the best corps in the Dominion. There are some warm-hearted people there.

• • •

Bayfield is one of those country villages where the S.A. has been a great blessing, and is respected by nearly every person for miles around.

• • •

A few years ago this place was noted for lawlessness, and it was hardly safe to pass down the street after dark if you did not want a pounding or insult, but now you could not find a finer lot of people than these whole-souled farmers.

• • •

The platform is filled with fine looking men and women who love God with their whole heart, and they are all getting into real uniform.

• • •

Our march was by far a larger one than you could make up in London or any other big place through the week, and yet it is seeding time and the soldiers are all busy.

• • •

The meeting went with a swing, and our souls basked in the Heavenly Sunshine. The Baby Band was at its best and charmed the crowd.

• • •

You have heard that Scotch people are quiet and easy-going, but I tell you that the Scotch S.A. soldier is as lively as any other when the fire of the Holy Ghost warms his heart.

• • •

Our meeting at Goderich was a rattler, and the power of God was like waves rolling over the whole crowd.

• • •

Captain and Lieut. Scarr have got the place well in hand, and everything bids fair for a big upheaval. I notice a great lack of uniform here, but I expect an improvement. Local officers should set the example.

• • •

Mother Smith treated us like kings, and made us think of days spent at home. God bless her. So say the whole Baby Band.

• • •

I think we should call the meeting at Clinton a *clinker*. In the afternoon we had an F.O. and Local Officers' Council. The plan works well, and at any other time of the year will be a mighty blessing when the local officers are not so busy.

• • •

The Lord was near us in this Council, and I am sure the Locals went away more than ever resolved to help the S.A. bring the world back to God.

• • •

The band drew a fine crowd in the open-air, and a young man-of-the-world with a silk hat came into the ring, and we prayed for him, and the fun was all on our side.

• • •

Father Hill was there and is blessedly saved, and Father S—— was as lively as ever. God bless these and all our Clinton friends.

NOTES.

Ensign Archibald makes the old trombone fairly speak and takes the crowds with his singing.

Secretary McGillivray is now a noted platform man. His Gaelic pleased the crowd at Goderich.

Staff-Capt. Sweetman is in the best of spirits and manages the band in a manner that would do credit to a professor.

One of the Staff went to London II. for a meeting a few days ago and some cruel enemy made him a target for eggs. The young man told the people in the meeting that they were not fresh, for he tasted one.

The following is a clipping from the Huron *Expositor*:—"We notice that in last week's *News-Record* the Bayfield correspondent seems to be much disturbed over the noise made by the Salvation Army, and says it "pleases old women and children." If he would but attend the meetings he would find not only "old women and children" pleased but also men of much more intelligence than himself, and might also receive a much-needed benefit."

While doing a special Sunday at Thedford, Ensign Archibald saw three come out for salvation, and one at Sarnia. At the latter place he enrolled eleven recruits. Well done, Capt. Smith.

Capt. Bishop has lately had [illegible] at Paisley. That is worth a [illegible]

Capt. Sam Wiggins is at No. II. London, and is making everything look up. The world admires the man who has [illegible]

Petrolia J.S. War is moving lively. No doubt Capt. Cowan and Lieut. Martin will help it along.

Captain Fisher, of Watford, is pushing things on the blood-and-fire line. He has lately enrolled a fine batch of recruits.

Forest, Palmerston, Petrolea, London II, Sarnia, Wheatley, Tilbury Centre and Chatham have all gone up in the War Cry and Y.S. List. Keep the ball rolling.

Wingham's new barracks is to be opened on May 2nd, 3rd and 4th, and Goderich is pushing their building in fine style.

There are no less than six twin officers in the Chatham Division. Capts. Sturgeon, of Dutton and Tilbury Centre, are twin brother and sister.

The London D.O. is feeling a bit sore over that woman defeat in the War Cry business, but I would bid my sister watch her laurels. Reaction is a bad thing.

Pen.

New Zealand's Proposal.

[The following letter has been received by Commissioner Adams from Colonel Bailey. It speaks for itself. It is a good idea, and Canadians will read this Maori Land news with interest.]—Ed.

Headquarters, Christchurch.

Commissioner Adams, Canada.

My Dear Commissioner,—

We think that an interchange of news as to the progress of the War in our respective territories would be to our mutual advantage.

We propose sending you a monthly budget of interesting facts and items in connection with the new Zealand fight for publication in your War Cry, providing that in return you will furnish us with a monthly letter from your territory.

We will endeavor to make the matter sent as pithy and interesting as possible, so as to avoid its finding a resting place in your capacious waste-paper basket.

In faith that you will fall in with the proposal, we send herewith the first instalment of Maori Land Manuscripts," and will follow this up with No. 2 in a month's time.

We shall be glad to hear from you as to how you like the idea, and also when we may expect some copy from you in return.

You will be glad to hear that we are marching ahead, with prospect of glorious victory in view. God bless you.

Yours in the blood-and-fire,
Reuben Bailey, Colonel.

Shots from Barrie Soldiers.

Capt. G. Miller.

Sister C—Some people are afraid to sleep at night, for fear some one will rob them of their wealth. But I can rest, for my wealth is in the Bank above.

Brother C—You can always tell what they keep in a store by the sign that's up outside. You can always tell what's in the heart by the outward actions. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Brother B—I feel glad that the God I serve is not like some people, one day here, and next day off to some other town. I find Him to be a friend that's ever near in all places, for He is God of the Universe.

Sister W—I have proved the devil to be a cunning old rascal. I left him, and sin, and pride, at Big Bay Point.

Brother A — Most all the brakemen on the G. T. R. know me. My name is Adams. I let them know I'm saved.

Brother R—Sometimes the devil gives me a poke that makes me limp for a while, but God holds me up.

Brother P—When I was a boy, my father could not keep me straight. But my heavenly Father has no trouble with me now since I got saved.

Brother A—My foes are those of my own household. They have teased me and tried me. I overheard one of them say the other day, "Father means to hang out with his religion."

Brother R—You put two firebrands together, there will a big blaze. There was lots of fire at our house before I got saved, but now things are not so bad, for there is only one brand left.

Brother M—If you don't keep your foot on the devil, he will keep his foot on you.

Sister M—I cannot do much, but I'll try and be like the old woman who went to war, and took for her weapon a poker. When told by someone, that it would be of no use, she said, "It will show what side I am on."

Sister M—Before I got right with God, I found fault with everybody but myself.

TO ANY POOR GIRL NEEDING A FRIEND, WRITE TO US.

We Will Help You!

To PARENTS, RELATIVES and FRIENDS.

SEND US PARTICULARS OF

- (a) Any poor girl fallen or in danger.
- (b) Any friends you want to find.
- (c) Any young persons you desire to be visited or looked after as to their souls' salvation.
- (d) Respectability or otherwise of proposed situations.

NOTICE.—Address all letters, Commissioner T. H. Adams, Territorial War Office, Toronto, Ont. marked "Enquiry."

NEW LIST.

336—Re ALICE JANE WOODS, formerly of Port Hope, last heard of at 200 King Street East, Toronto. Was employed at 119 Bay St., Toronto. Please communicate with her friend, Mollie Huddlestone, or Mrs Robson, 71 Oak St., Toronto, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.—16-5-91

338—NANCY HAYES or McNABB is requested to call at the Salvation Army Rescue Home, 120 Victoria Street, Toronto. By so doing she will hear of something to her advantage.—16-5-91

340—Information will be thankfully received concerning MRS. JAMES BYERS, her maiden name was Elizabeth McKinnon. She left her home, Tabasintac, New Brunswick, about 40 years ago. When last heard from she was living in Toronto. Her mother is still alive and would like to hear from her. Please address, Catharine McKinnon, Cherry Field, Moncton, N. B., or to Commissioner Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto.—16-5-91

341—Re LUFFMAN CHARLES or CHARLES LUFFMAN. Information wanted of the above named person. Last heard of at Port Dalhousie, or at St. Catherines, Ontario. Please address his sister, Ellen Mary, Vogel Street, South Dunedin, New Zealand, or Commissioner Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Can. United States and New Zealand Crys please copy.—16-5-91.

342—THOMAS RICKETTS left his home in Guernsey, Channel Islands, in May, 1872. Information re his whereabouts will be thankfully received by Harriett Ricketts, care of Capt. Watson, Salvation Army, 24 Alexander Street, Montreal or by Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont. United States Crys please copy.—16-5-91.

343—WILLIAM and JENNIE DOWEL, or MRS. ELEANOR DOWEL or WILLIAMS. They resided in Whitechapel, London, England, in the year 1871. Information asked for by their lost boy, Henry Williams or Dowel, Bedford, Quebec, or Commissioner Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont. English Cry please copy.—16-5-91.

344—Re CHARLES R. WADE, of Belle Isle, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, is informed that his father and mother are dead. They have left property. He is wanted to inherit the same. If this should meet the notice of himself or any person knowing his whereabouts will they communicate at once to Albert H. Wade, Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, or to Commissioner Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario. United States Crys please copy.—16-5-91.

345—Information wanted of CHARLOTTE REBECCA HARRISON, who came to Canada from Ireland in October, 1884. When last heard from was living at Point St. Charles, Montreal, about two years ago. Her brother Joseph wishes to hear from her, or about her. Address, Joseph Harrison, box 821, Stratford, Ont., or Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto.—16-5-91.

369—Information wanted of EDWARD LOCKE, an Englishman, short in stature, light hair, clean shaven face. A native of Lancashire and speaks with a decided Lancashire accent. He left his wife and three children in Port Hope, Ont., in the Fall of 1884. He was seen by people in Port Hope when leaving there on an early train for the purpose of joining a gang of railway laborers in Toronto, and was last seen by his fellow-laborers in Toronto. Any information as to his whereabouts, either alive or dead, will be thankfully received by Andrew Mercer, Grand Trunk Railway Co., Ashburnham, Peterboro, Ont. English and United States Crys please copy.—16-5-91

370—If JOSEPH MACMILLAN, who left Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, nearly three years ago, and is supposed to be living at Rat Portage, will please communicate with his sister, Lizzie MacMillan (now Mrs. Nicholl), or to Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, he will hear glad tidings.—16-5-91

371—Will WILLIAM COLLINS, formerly of Sault Ste Marie, last heard of in Owen Sound in the Fall of the year 1889, please communicate with his mother in Owen Sound, who is very anxious to hear from him, or to Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario. United States Crys please copy.—16-5-91

372—Wanted, information as to the whereabouts of ROBERT FOX, who left Trenton, Ont., for Detroit, U.S.A., and from there to Mount Morris, where he married Miss Cole, a Salvationist stationed at Mount Morris. His mother is dead. His brother George would like to hear from him or from anyone knowing his whereabouts. Please write to George Fox, or to Commissioner Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto. United States Crys please copy.—16-5-91

373—Information wanted of CHARLES A. HOWARD was living in Licking P. O., Texas County, Missouri, U.S.A. United States Crys please copy. Address Commissioner Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto.—16-5-91

374—Information wanted of WILLIAM DAWKINS. Supposed to have been in Toronto four or five years ago. His brother Charles who is living in Charterhouse St., London, Eng., wishes to hear from him or of him. Please forward information to Commissioner Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto. United States Crys please copy.—16-5-91

375—Information wanted of CAROLINE CRAWFORD. When last heard from was living in Hamilton. Anyone knowing her whereabouts will please communicate with her cousin, C. E. Chase, 163 39th Street, Chicago, Ill., or to Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont. United States Crys please copy.—16-5-91

REPRINTED FROM LAST WEEK.

323—*Re* GERTRUDE AMELIA FORESTER. If this should meet the eye of the above named or of any of her relatives. She formerly resided with her parents in the town of Watertown, Jefferson County, U.S., removed to Chicago some years ago. A very near relative of the family is desirous of procuring information in *re* and would feel indebted to any person furnishing information in regard to her. Or if it should meet the eye of Biron Scovill or his wife, formerly Amelia Jordan, who is a near relative, it would answer the purpose. Please address Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Army, the Temple, corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont. U.S. Crys please copy.—9-5-91.

350.—*Re* FREDERICK WESTROP. Last heard of in Orillia, Ont. His mother is very anxious about him. Please communicate to his sister, Mrs. Baines, Allandale, Ont., or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, Salvation Temple, Toronto. U.S. Crys please copy.—9-5-91.

351.—Re ISAAC BROWN, age 30 years. About four years ago he was living at No. 33 Richmond St., Toronto. There is very important news for him. Address information as to his whereabouts to Mrs. John Mitchell, Beach Hill, Kentville, N.S., or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto, Ont.—9-5-91.

352.—Information wanted re JOHN SMITH. Last heard of 9 years ago. He was Mayor of St. Dunstan, Lake Beauport, Quebec, Canada. Age, 75; height 5 feet 8 inches, fresh complexion. Address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner S.A., the Temple, Toronto, Canada.—9-5-91.

353.—Information wanted of WILLIAM R. HOPKINS; aged 30; height, 5 feet 8 inches; brown hair, sandy mustache; trade, stonemason. When in England belonged to a society named "Hearts of Oak." Last heard of in Winnipeg, Canada. Please address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto, Canada. U.S. Crys please copy.—9-5-91.

354.—Information wanted of JOHN HUNT, aged 39. Left Winchester, England, with his wife and one child. His address in Canada was 4 Queen Street, Halifax, N.S. At that time he was a waiter in the "Waverly" Hotel. Please address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto, Canada. U.S. Crys please copy.—9-5-91.

355.—Information wanted of JOHN and MICHAEL CAVANAGH, aged 30 and 32 respectively. Left Wigan, England, 10 years ago, and went to Port Hope, Canada. Address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto.—9-5-91.

AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL.

As two lads were coming out of a J.S. meeting one Sunday night, they commenced to talk to another unsaved lad about his soul. They walked along the road some distance, then one Junior pulled off his coat, laid it on the ground, and asked the unsaved lad to kneel down and cry to God for mercy. The lad, touched by the earnestness and thought of the comrade, knelt and got saved, and is now a proper soldier of the Cross. This is a lesson to all. Profit thereby.

356—Information wanted of THOMAS ROLFE, aged 40; height, 5 feet 6 inches, rather bald. Last heard of when he was with a farmer, Louis Haggar, stock breeder, Rosedale farm, Nisons post office, Ontario. Address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto. 9-5-91

357—Information wanted of EDWARD HARRISON, aged 40, complexion fair, height, 4 feet 10 inches. Last address, No. 89 Lansdowne Avenue, Parkdale, Toronto. Attended S.A. meetings. His mother has died. Address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackey, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto.—9-5-91

358—Information wanted of WILLIAM PAIN or PAYNE. Left Woodstock, Canada, for United States. Before going to Canada, William Pain was at Crawswick, near Driffeld, Yorkshire, England. Please address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto, Canada. American Crys please copy—9-5-91

359—Information wanted of ALEXANDER YOUNGSON. Last address, 3 years ago, was Guelph post office, Ontario. American Crys please copy—9-5-91

360—Information wanted of WILLIAM HENRY APPLETON, aged 23 years, height 5 feet 7 or 8 inches, broad and thick-set, well educated; has been a school master. On 9th January this year he sent a cablegram from New York to his parents stating that he was proceeding west. American Crys please copy.—9-5-91

361—Information wanted of WILLIAM JONES. Height 5 feet 5 inches, dark complexion, rather stout. Left England 7 years ago on one of the Dominion Line steamers. He acted as steward. Two years after he was at the Queen's Hotel, Owen Sound, as porter. When last heard from he was a bar-tender at Daniel McConnor's house, Dundalk Hotel, Owen Sound. His father has lately died in a lunatic asylum from grief owing to his not writing. His poor mother will be thankful for any news. Address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto. U.S. Crys please copy.—9-5-91.

362—Information wanted of ROBERT GARDNER, aged 60 years, height 5 feet, dark complexion. By trade, stonecutter. On December 22nd, 1874, he was living at No. 5 St. Louis Street, Cote St. Louis, mile-end, Montreal. He was at that time an overseer on a railway. His daughter would be glad to hear from him. Please address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto, Ont—9-5-91

363—Information wanted of CHARLES GOBLING, Left England for Canada 3 or 4 years ago. His last address was Merrival post office. Is supposed to have joined Salvation Army. Please address Mrs. Bramwell Booth, Central Rescue Offices, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto, Ont. U.S. Crys please copy—9-5-91

364—Will MORAN and ANDREWS, coach builders, PATRICK MORRIS, carpenter; BRENNAN, tailor, Burns-Dencel Street; JONES, Great Brunswick Street, and GEORGE CRAIG, the Scotch mason and sculptor, kindly send their addresses to Joseph Jones, sculptor, late of Dublin, in care of Colonel Thurman, Salvation Army, 259 Mare Street, Hackney, N.E., London, England, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, S.A., the Temple, Toronto, Canada? U.S. Crys please copy. —9-5-91

365—Information wanted of MRS. GEORGE R. FORD, the wife of George R. Ford of Norwood, Ont. Previous to her marriage, her name was Jennie May Whitney. Her age is 21 years. She was a Lieutenant of the Salvation Army, and was in the Training Home at Yorkville. Address George R. Ford, Norwood, Ontario, or T. H. Adams, Commissioner, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto—9-5-91

370—Information wanted of JOHN MAYES, married, aged about 60. When last heard from he lived at Point St. Charles, Montreal. At that time he had a son Robert and three daughters. Address information to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto—9-5-91

423—Information will be thankfully received of TILLY COVILLE, the daughter of Edward Coville, who lived at 28 Nassau Street, now resides at 61 McKenzie Crescent, Toronto, Ontario. She is supposed to have been living with a Mr. Foster, who worked at King and Brown's boot and shoe factory, Toronto. Supposed to have gone to Port Huron. When she disappeared she was about nine years old, is now 19 years old. Any information that may lead to her discovery may be addressed to her brother Alfred, Edward Coville, 61 McKenzie Crescent, Toronto, Ontario, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto, Ontario—9-5-91

425—Information wanted of ROBERT THOMAS, who left Toronto 7 years ago; carriage blacksmith, aged 28 years; complexion fair; eyes blue; last heard from when in New Orleans; last heard of in Chicago. His mother wishes him to come home. She is very ill and is anxious to see him. Anyone knowing of him will confer a great kindness by writing to his mother, Mrs. Thomas, 95 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ontario, or to Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, Ont.—U.S. Crys please copy—9-5-91

What a Backslider Writes

Dear ——

I suppose you think by this time that I must either be in my grave or forgotten you, but God has been very good in sparing me while multitudes of good and useful people have been carried away.

In the second place, I have not forgotten you. Friendship and respect, such as I have always had for you, stretches away into eternity, I believe. It was born when I was a child of God and is as much different from ordinary earthly love as Paradise is from the abode of poor lost souls.

Oh, when I write

Of the Old, Happy Days

when I stood up and testified to the love of Christ, my whole soul is swept with remorse. There is no fool like the man who will allow earthly affection to step in and rob him of peace of conscience and communion with God.

You know I had not progressed far in the spiritual life, but as I opened my heart and let His presence shine there, oh, He made it paradise indeed for me. No room then for sin.

Of course, I had not attained such an experience as many, I know, but I was advancing towards it. I regret that I did not turn my face as a stone

Against the Temptations

that came, but it was not the Saviour's fault. I will bless His name to my dying day, even though there seems no hope for me.

Have you seen —— lately. I wrote her about Christmas time but received no answer. I need not say "God bless her." I am sure thousands of worthy lips will repeat it. Ever since I first saw her smiling, happy face, and felt the warm clasp of her hand, I have believed that in her I had a true friend—one whose prayers I could always count upon. Last summer when I was home I was at her house having a long talk with her, and I spoke so bitterly against everything that was good and holy that she broke completely down, after a noble defence of her faith in God, and wept as though her heart would break. I have

Never Forgiven Myself

for such a contemptible act, and every time I remember her honest, loving face, streaming with tears, I feel ashamed of myself. Tell her when you see her that I send her love and best wishes, that I never shall forget her kindness to me, and hope to see her again.

I still attend the Army meetings on Sundays and enjoy them as usual.

Yours affectionately, ——.

A DEAD HOPE AND A LIVING HOPE.

Which Hope is Yours?

We find in dealing with souls that, as a rule, every person we meet has a hope, yet we cannot help but feel that many souls have a hope—not a living hope, but a dead one.

A man or woman may be sound in doctrine, and have a sound belief, yet not have the saving faith in God which unites us to Christ, the Living Vine. Oh, what a sad state to be in. Dead to a personal knowledge of an abiding Christ, which lives to bring true life into every soul which trusts Him.

The Living Hope.

Now, let us look at the glorious living hope. Let us look now, for instance, at the case of the woman who had the issue of blood for twelve years, who followed Jesus down the mountain side with the anxious, wondering crowd who followed Him. She said within herself, "If I can only just touch the hem of His garment I shall be whole."

How many people follow this woman's hand till she touches the hem of His garment, but no further. Let us go further. Listen to what Jesus said, "Who touched me?" The people wondered at Him asking this question, as so many thronged after Him, but He siad, "Some one has touched Me, for virtue is gone out of Me." Ah, here is the secret. She had faith and stretched out her hand, but it was the virtue coming out of the Lamb of God that made her whole.

Oh, sinner! Oh, professor! If you have not experienced this union with Christ, stretch out your eager hand, nothing wavering, leaving all behind, and you shall prove His power to make perfectly whole.

Thank God, I have to-day this living hope.

Scribe J. McGillivray.

The above cut represents the men in the Army workshops of London, Eng., making brushes. In this issue under the heading "The Social Wing in England," there are many interesting items as to the latest advances of the General's Scheme. Read it.

"War Cry" & "Young Soldier"

COMPETITION LIST,
FOR ISSUE OF MAY 9th, 1891.

THE BRAVE 'WAR CRY' LOADERS.

The Turn of the Tide in the East, Brigadier Glover Pushes on.
The Central Quiet at Last.
Up Goes Brigadier Spooner Again!
A Dagger to the Western Brigade. Oh! Brigadier Philpott's Grand Rise.

210 IS THE TOTAL RISE THIS WEEK. 210.

The Glory We Give to Thee, Lord.

D. O. Grayson again Defeated—D. O. McIntyre Pulls Down Major Morris' Wing—Adjt. Howell Pushes Ahead of Major Leonard—Collier Rises—Morris Falls—Sharp's Steady Pledging—Well Done, Newfoundland.

THE FOLLOWING CORPS DESERVE SPECIAL MENTION:—FORREST, PALMERSTON, PERTHLIA, BARRIE, CHATHAM, ONT., WEBBALEY, BLOOMFIELD, GANANOQUE, NAPANEE, WEBSTOWN, STANSTEAD JUNCTION, NEW GLASGOW, and ACADIA MINES.

D. O'S STILL PILING UP THEIR LOADS.

As busy as bees the three D.O's are piling on their CRYS. Adjt. Howell has done best this week, and it is no wonder that Christopher gazes on in astonishment for he has piled 1230 on to his wagon. Then Major Morris stands next D.O. McIntyre's load and cannot help but admire the push and pluck of the Kingston D.O., who has managed to pile another 125 on to his already big load. That female officer gazing on at D.O. Sweetman as he works must be D. O. Grayson, of the B. C. Division, who is surprised at the turn of the tide. Yes, yes, yes, they are bonny big loads, and will help fill the "Competition Train" which stands on the siding waiting to start. God speed the circulation of the WAR CRY and *Young Soldier*.

TOTAL INCREASE THIS WEEK—{ 20 W.C. / 190 Y.S. }—210.

*Forest	Capt. Slote	100
Listowel	" Wells	90
Wingham	" Moore	90
Mitchell	" Thackery	80
Clinton	" Hayes	85
Watford	" Fisher	80
Wiarton	" Barker	80
Parkhill	" Wallace	75
St. Marys	" Ogilvie	75
Brussels	" Sweet	75
		2320

BRITISH COLUMBIA DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GRAYSON in command.

Victoria	Capt. McIntyre	750
Vancouver	" Scott	430
New Westminster	" Coulter	425
Windsor	" Fraser	400
Calgary	" Hills	300
		2305

*HALIFAX DIVISION.

ADJUTANT COLLIER in command.

Halifax I.	Capt. Hatt	380
Halifax II.	" Burt	250
Windsor	" Lashbrey	215
Liverpool	" Langille	210
Halifax III.	" McCabe	165
North Sydney	" Wolters	160
Dartmouth	" Atwood	150
Westville	" Davis	140
Sydney	" McLean	120
Truro	" Jenkins	115
*Acadia Mines	" Boggs	110
Lunenburg	" Lewis	100
Stellarton	" McLaughlan	100
	" Gotts	80
		2275

MONTREAL DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL in command.

Montreal I	Capt. Watson	635
Quebec II	" McGoldrick	225
Sherbrooke	" Andrews	205
Montreal II	" Myles	175
Bedford	" McKee	115
Huntingdon	" Cakeen	110
Lachute	" Osmond	100
Coaticooke	" Goodwin	100
Massville	" Liddell	100
W. Winchester	" Wooley	100
Waterloo	" Crowe	87
Montreal III	" Hatten	85
Richmond	" Mavity	75
Knowlton	" Harding	75
		2185

ST. JOHN, N. B. DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. COUSINE in command.

St. John I	Capt. McLean	550
St. John V	" Enc. Matthews	375
St. Kemmish	" Capt. D. Creighton	225
St. John II	" Hynde	130
Digby	" McDonald	120
Carleton	" McIntyre	120
St. John III	" Byers	120
Fairville	" Campbell	115
Bear River	" Lewis	115
Bridgetown	" Allen	115
Annapolis	" Creighton	100
		2065

*KINGSTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MCINTYRE in command.

Kingston	Capt. Barber	370
Gananoque	" Hartley	215
Belleville	" Fox	210
Cobourg	" Cardiff	160
*Napanee	" Hazle	150
Madoc	" Whyte	150
Deseronto	Capt. Cragg	105
Picton	" Orr	105
Campbellford	" Crosby	100
*Bloomfield	" Best	100
Brighton	" Kett	90
Norwood	" Walker	85
Tweed	" Vanbuskirk	75
Bath	" Grainger	75
*Trenton	" Bromley	75
		2025

!MANITOBA DIVISION.

MAJOR MORRIS in command.

Winnipeg	Capt. Alkenhead	730
Brandon	" Fitch	440
Portage la Prairie	" Rennie	245
Neepawa	" Iversch	150
Emerson	" Ellis	125
Souris	" Gogo	115
Moose Jaw	" Gordon	115
Moyden	" Isaacson	55
		1900

*WOODSTOCK DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SHARP in command.

Guelph	Capt. Savage	350
Woodstock	" Maltby	260
Ingersoll	" Gace	250
Galt	" Turner	200
St. Thomas	" Goodchild	200
Paris	" Cargill	125
*Brantford	" Fisher	125
Tilsonburg	" Richardson	115
Norwich	" Ireland	100
Ayr	" Branigan	75
Acton	" Scarr	75
		1800

PETERBORO DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. BEATTY in command.

Peterboro	Capt. Gale	400
Oshawa	" Butler	260
Port Hope	Capt. Ayre	200
Bowmanville	" S.-C. Banks	190
Lindsay	" Capt. Stephens	150
Whitby	" Murray	75
Uxbridge	" White	85
Omemee	" Barker	85
Millbrook	" Stockton	85
Lakefield	" Wilcox	80
Norwood	" Boyle	75
Fenelon Falls	" Cockerill	75
Mt Albert	" McKenzie	75
		1805

*CHATHAM DIVISION.

ADJT. HOWELL in command.

*Chatham	Capt. Elliott	340
Windsor	" Greatrex	200
Ridgetown	" Tait	140
Essex Centre	" McIntyre	125
Walkerburg	" Ogilvie	100
Dresden	" Sergeant	90
Blenheim	" Rowe	85
Leamington	" Gibbs	85
Kingsville	" Parker	85
Bothwell	" Mudge	80
Comber	" Topham	80
Amherstburg	" Markle	80
*Wheatley	" Hunt	80
*Thamesville	" McKague	75
*Tilbury Centre	" Ogilvie	75
		1720

OTTAWA DIVISION.

ADJUTANT LEONARD in command.

Ottawa	Capt. Connett	330
Cornwall	" Webb	250
Perth	" Lindsay	150
Morrisburg	" Lodgate	130
Pembroke	" Payne	120
Kemptville	" Switzer	115
Carleton Place	" Capt. McKinnon	115
Rockcliffe	" Lodge	115
Cobden	" Parker	115
Prescott	" Baker	115
		1750

HAMILTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SOUTHALL in command.

Hamilton I.	Capt. Hunter	350
Brantford	" Ashton	250
St. Catharines	" Gardiner	200
Simcoe	" Miles	175
Hamilton II.	" Pink	150
Niagara Falls	" Dewsin	125
Welland	" Thompson	125
Dundas	" Neuert	100
Oakville	" Brokenshire	100
Port Erie	" Wyatt	100
		1675

BARRIE DIVISION.

MAJOR CALHOUN in command.

Barrie	Capt. Miller	75
Orillia	" Chilman	75
Parry Sound	" Daymond	75
Collingwood	" Bagley	75
Bracebridge	" Boxall	75
Gravenhurst	" Johnson	75
Newmarket	" Gale	75
Huntsville	" Ellery	75
Midland	" Wiseman	75
Hillsdale	" King	75
		825

*NEWFOUNDLAND.

MAJOR SCOTT in command.

St. John's II	Capt. Hendricks	[illegible]
*St. John's I	" Adjt. Hawkes	[illegible]
*Little Bay	" Capt. Hoar	[illegible]
Harbor Grace	" Forbes	[illegible]
Carbonear	" Thistle	[illegible]
		[illegible]

COMPETITION NOTES

BY PAT.

"WAR CRY" TEXT:—"*Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.*"—Solomon vii. 11.

GENERAL.

Yes, the above text is a good one, and should be practised by every P.O., lass and soldier.

Comrades, go forth into the streets of the city, town or village in which you live, and do all you can to spread the Blood. You will do this, if you possess a love for it.

Well, with joy I again report victory. Again the circulation has increased. Again there has been a bold move onward, the total increase being

20 War Crys.
190 Young Soldiers.

Total, 210.

Of course we give God all the glory, and feel sure that there will be still more increase manifested in the future.

Last week's picture portrayed some of the D.O's. taking tender care of the CRY, showing those who were boldly leading it on to victory. This week's cut shows some victorious D.O's. busily loading up the wagons, carrying off the CRYS to the "Competition Train."

Let it be distinctly understood that these cuts are inserted for God's glory alone. Letters continually arrive at the War Room telling of the great good done through the CRY, so that the more it is circulated, the more good will be done. Now, comrades, read the CRY.

For weeks the circulation has been steadily rising, and it must continue. In spite of some stations which have been closed, the CRY and *Young Soldier* bounds along.

Brigadiers are full of hope. D.O's are fighting for victory. P.O's are bravely doing their part. The Rank-and-File are coming to the help of the Lord, and all round the cry goes forth, "God speed the CRY."

Then I must say that the column for the special benefit of those officers and soldiers selling over 30 CRYS. weekly, is proving a great benefit and impetus to the circulation. Officers are sending in their names, and I know of one married male officer who sold 70 on the streets. May God abundantly bless him and his wife. They are stationed at ——.

The Commissioner, too, is pleased with the signs of the times, and means to do his part to boom along the dear old CRY.

It would be a good idea for officers or soldiers to send us along the amount of any instances in which the WAR CRY has been made a blessing. Not long ago I heard of a family of eight, who had all been saved through reading the WAR CRY. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

I learn, too, that Brig. Philpott has some good old songs for insertion. One of these proceeds upon week—"Then Brig. Pettyjohn promised some holiness articles. While the Staff officers are doing all they can to make our papers interesting and attractive, Brig. Cadet Sandilay will help with his "Notes," and all over the Dominion the officers will do something in this matter.

The Cadets in the various Garrisons have made chance to push the CRY, and I are glad to note from recent reports that they are doing good work. God bless the Cadets. They are interested in WAR CRY matters.

"Our gallant officers have taken hold of the WAR CRY boom with a will and are making the circulation spin in the right direction. This is cheering, and we think God for the encouragement. Quite a number of our comrades have increased their orders, and others are writing us that they intend to do so.

Bolstering the circulation of the WAR CRY is a work in which every Salvationist and well-wisher of the Army can throw their heart and soul, as every copy is a messenger of Jesus, carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the lost. The CRY is a weekly history of the war in Canada, and epitomizes foreign news in distant lands. In the Lord's hands it acts as an inspiration to our warriors all over the Dominion, and cheers many a drooping heart.

Now, then, my comrades, the Spring has come. Summer is drawing near. But do we let this retard the circulation of Army Work? No, we go ahead faster than ever. God will bless you.

The Brigades.

Brig. Jacobs has at last risen. Things are much brighter in the East. He has got back his star. Well done, Brigadier, glad to see you rise to 7,555. Continue, please.

Brig. Glover, I admire thy push and go. For long time you have been shining out, and this week is no exception to the rule. Yes, you are a long way from the Eastern Brigade in total. Note that one of your O's. piles on the CRYS pretty well.

At last the Central is quiet. What does this mean, Brig. Margetts? Why art thou so downcast thus? Your star comes off, and I should advise you to be careful or I may have to stick a Y in front of your name. Maybe Brig. Spooner will yet sail away above you.

Well done, Brig. Spooner. Again you rise and push. Yes, you are the Eastern Brigade, and not challenge the Central Brigade? Try it, and see how it will answer.

The Western Brigade is this week accounted for in a bigger bump than the Major Morris! At this rate you will never be ahead of the Hamilton man. Oh, dear, dear! Now for Major Morris.

It is with great joy that I have to record thy rise in the West Ontario Brigade. For many weeks Brigadier Philpott has been praying for his gain and getting them to position, and now the good time has come. He has got into the four thousands. Major Morris! Major Morris! Yes, he is rather over open. Well done, Brigadier, see how D.O. Howell piles up his CRYS, and that D.O. Sweetman is hard at it.

How they stand:—

Brig. Glover is	1880	behind Brig. Jacobs.
Brig. Margetts is	775	behind Brig. Glover.
Brig. Spooner is	550	behind Brig. Margetts.
Brig. Philpott is	70	behind Brig. Spooner.
Brig. Philpott is	280	behind Major Morris.

Now, Major Morris should set ahead of Brig. Spooner, while Brig. Philpott with a big roll, could lower the colors of the Brigade West. I do believe.

The Divisions.

Calm, cool, and collected, stands the Toronto Division this week. I noticed last week that its D. O. helped along the Cry Sales shape. Now all is quiet again.

Then I glance down East as the Moncton division and find there just the same status things. Now, I know there is a big division in Nova Scotia, but I feel sure Major Pugh will not countenance a WAR CRY circulation depression. No, not at all.

Oh! Staff-Capt. Grayson, at last you are waking up and inspire some of your officers are sending in their names, and I know of one married male officer who sold 70 on the streets. May God abundantly bless him and his wife. They are stationed at ——.

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Oh! Staff-Capt. Grayson, at last you are waking up and inspire some of your officers. Now, while standing looking on at D. O. Sweetman as he labors away to get the big load, what do you really think? I think you think that D. O. S. thinks he'll yet be the Victor, and soon the tables will be turned. Yes, yes, yes, never to be defeated any more.

Now I gaze into the London Division. Has has certainly been some good work done there this week. Well done, D. O. Sweetman! You deserve that star. Yes, sir, however, beware! for you are only 15 ahead of D. O. Grayson, and when it arouses her North-West braves, you'll have to watch your honors. Don't stop, keep piling on the CRYS. Fill the cars.

Good for you, Adjt. Collier. Your rise is excellent. Another 50 and you'll get ahead of D. O. Sweetman, and then a little more effort and the B. C. Division will fall beneath the onward march of the Halifax braves.

The Montreal Division is at last calm and serene. Not a mouse. Not an increase. Not a stir. Not a wave on the calm sea. Now this must be the calm before the storm. What do you say, D. O. Marshall? The Editor has not received a report from you lately. How goes the war in the Quebec Province?

St. John Division stands still at 2065. Why is it not 5602?

At last there is a cloud hanging over the Manitoba Division. It has fallen, not very low, is true, but, *it has fallen* notwithstanding. D. O. McIntyre has nobly jumped over Major Morris. That was a good move on the Competition Board. Hallelujah!

I must say that D. O. McIntyre is pretty. Again he has risen; again he has pushed his way through. Another D. O. falls at his feet and owns him "conqueror." The Kingston Division thus gets ahead of the Manitoba Division and D. O. Mc. continues to throw on pile after pile of CRYS into his waggon.

D. O. Sharp plods away steadily but simply, and will put defeat D. O. McIntyre, that is, if ——

For some weeks past things have been rather quiet round the Peterboro' Division. Now, D. B. Beatty, call out the men and Port Hope have a down right good battle and then rouse things! Bowmanville and Lindsay would like to join in the fray. D. O. Sharp is getting further and further away from you.

Three cheers for Adjt. Howell and the Chatham Division. It is the CHAMPION DIVISION this week, having added no less than 215. Well done, Adjt. Howell. The Ottawa Division is very badly defeated, having suffered such a defeat that it will not recover very soon unless something very extraordinary happens. Go ahead, Adjt. Howell. If Christopher stays looking at you while you load up he'll soon be defeat you. Accept my warmest congratulations on this noble rise. It was splendid.

Major Scott's Division goes up to 715.

D. O.'s Grayson, Addie, Baugh, Marshall, Cousine, Beatty, too, Leonard, Southall, and Calhoun, Lio dormant.

Sweetman rises forty-five,
Collier rises twenty-five,
D. O. Morris chirps full of
Surprising!

Kingston Div. goes higher still,
Sharp increases with a will,
Howell's highest up the hill
In rising!

Newfoundland is far from dead,
Major Scott holds up his head,
On some corns he means to tread.
Look out, Barrie!

The Stations.

Berlin has done good work, putting on 20 Y. S., so that the children are evidently being looked after. Good, Captain Fisher.

At Forest, Capt. Slote commands, and has added to his order 20 Y. S. Again the J. S. war will thus be benefitted.

Palmerston halves up as other stations should do when increasing their order. It adds 5 CRYS and 5 Y. S.

Capt. Maggie Cowan, of Petrolia, has ordered an additional 5 Y. S.

Sarnia's rise of 10 CRYS is excellent. Good for Capt. Jones. Good for the circulation. You are thus away ahead of your Port Huron comrades.

At last Chatham, Ont., has made a bold leap. I believe Jesus Osmond of this place sells over 100 CRYS on the street, and challenges any other Lieutenant to do the same. W. J. is Chatham's champion, and is not a bad one, either. Capt. Elliott is pegging away.

Wheatley comes into the List. Welcome! Welcome! Now that Capt. Hunt has begun J. S. meetings, he will succeed in getting rid of his present order and a lot more.

Tilbury should have been in the List two or three weeks ago. However, I am not saved above making mistakes. Tilbury now sells 40 O. S. taking 75. Well done, Capt. Ogilvie.

Bloomfield is booming. Another 5 W.C. Trenton has added to its order.

Gananoque has done remarkably well. Let me tell Capt. Bradley that God will honor his efforts to push this Cry and Young Soldier. Gananoque has 240 O. S. takes second place in the Division. Well, what a surprise!

Napanee has put on another 5 Y.S. Good. Trenton has done the same, and comes into the List with dying colors.

Stanstead Junction adds 10, and if it doubles its order it will come into the List.

Poor Carberry decreases 20 WAR CRYS.

Poor Neepawa goes down hill, falling 10 W. C.

Now Glasgow, N. S., has gone up under Capt. Kimble, and has 5 Y. S. having added 5, while Acadia Mines makes a bold stroke, adding 20 W. C. Capt. Leavitt is there.

And thus the circulation this week goes up an additional 20 "War Crys" and 190 Y. S., making a total of 210, giving me lots of faith for a good increase next week.

NOTE.—Last week I gave in tabulated form the names of the stations which should rise at once and get into the Competition List. Two of them, Trenton and Webster, have answered to the call and are now safely housed in the List. There are still 55 on this List to come in. Who'll be the next?

Jottings from Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Gone to Sea—Good Work Rolling on—The S. S. Stanley —Secrets Come Out.

When Captain Fradsham and Lieutenant McAlpine were visiting the wife of one of our officers during her illness, she gave her heart to God and was enabled to testify to His saving power, to the great joy of her husband, who had been very anxious about her for some time.

He has gone to sea now for a short time, but when he returns, we expect to see them have their little boy dedicated, and Glory Tayler will be presented to the Lord. Hallelujah.

* * *

The good work is rolling on here. Not long ago, two young men volunteered out where God's spirit took hold of him, and he got converted. Shortly after this he was convinced that God had a work for him, and that the inbred sin could be taken out. Consequently, he sought and found the blessing of holiness, to the joy and satisfaction of his soul, which blessing he enjoyed to the time of his death.

The following letter has been received from Capt. Barber, who is in charge of Kingston corps, and is spending a hour with comrades near death. Truly, "a soldier he lived, a soldier he died, and a soldier was he buried." Glory be to God.

"On the 31st day of March our dear comrade, Cadet L. E. Soule passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and today is one with the great multitude' who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Yes! I had been away a few days from Kingston, and the first words I heard were, 'Cadet Soule is dead.' The first thing I knew was his poor mother, for we knew he was

The Pride of Her Life,

and then the thought came, "Thank God he was well saved, and his dear mother, too." He was able to talk for some time before, only for a whisper, so that not much is say much about how he was for some time, but he had said to a comrade not long before, 'It is all right. If I live, I live for God and souls, and if I die, I am ready.'

The following was a real Salvation soldier, and as such we buried him.

We met at the house and marched to the tramway. Crowds of people lined the sidewalks, the barracks was filled, and a very impressive service was held, and God spoke to many hearts. The coffin was arranged so that all the friends who wished, could have a last look at the remains of our departed comrade, and over four hundred people passed in single file. The most touching sight was his cap lying on the coffin.

We held a memorial service the following Sunday night, and although nous started for home that morn, we believe many will start through that meeting.

Over there, over there,
We are going up to meet him over there,
Where the tree of life does grow,
And the living waters flow,
We are going up to meet him, over there.

May our comrade's life and death be an incentive to us who are left behind, to do all we can for the Master around us. The harvest is great and the laborers are few. Who will step forward and take our comrade's place in the ranks? Will you? Yes, the Lord calls YOU.

May the Lord comfort and sustain his dear mother, who is thus bereft of the pride of her life, but he has only gone on before.

"Loved once have gone before me,
They beckon me away,
O'er heavenly plains they're marching,
Blest in eternal day.

There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
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A Glimpse at Cadet Louis Soule,

Now in Heaven.

"I believe that God has called me to devote all my time to soul-saving work. I therefore make application to be received as an Army officer." This is a copy of the application for the Army field, which our late beloved comrade, L. E. Soule, sent to the Commissioner on July 22nd, 1889. From his life subsequent to this, and up to the time of his promotion to glory, our comrade proved that the call had really been of God. He was accepted for field work on March 22nd, 1890, and

Arrived in the Training Home

on May 28th, 1890. For four or five months he worked on in the House, doing his best to extend God's Kingdom, and taking advantage of the lessons he there learned. He was getting on well, when sickness seized him, and in October, he was obliged to go home on a rest. Catarrhal bronchitis and a much reduced system were his ailments. He, however, seemed to be getting over that, and a short time ago wrote to the Commissioner, requesting a return to re-entering the Training Home. He must have taken a sudden relapse, for on March 21st we received news of his death.

Before his conversion, our comrade was a moral lad. He was not addicted to the many baneful habits which beset the path of youth, still he went in to get all he could of the worldly pleasures, whether it pleased God or not. He always tried to keep away from places of worship, because

'to Always Felt Condemned

when he would be in the meetings. The time came, however, when Louis attended meetings held by the "Consecrated Band," and the Spirit took hold of him, and he got converted. Shortly after this he was convinced that God had a work for him, and that the inbred sin could be taken out. Consequently, he sought and found the blessing of holiness, to the joy and satisfaction of his soul, which blessing he enjoyed to the time of his death.

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M. P. ELLIS.

Let it be thoroughly understood that we insert the names of

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

who sell over

30 WAR CRYS WEEKLY.

The girls in our Rescue Homes are kept busy, and love to work. They know the great depth of the awful pit from which they have been digged. They are glad that God ever sent the Army people to their aid, and therefore they love to toil away for Jesus' sake. The above picture represents the girls in the midst of their work. God bless and save the fallen. We need help to carry on this great work.

Gleanings from the T.G. Cadets

We entered one house. The dear woman was stupified with drink. She begged us to let her sign the pledge, but we read, talked, prayed with her. Being a Roman Catholic she was not willing to put on her knees. She said her life was hell on earth. My heart was nearly broken as I thought of the state of hundreds like her in this City of Churches. She begged us to come again.—Cadet W. G. BRADFORD, Temple Garrison.

* * *

SCENE I.

Cadet S.—"Good afternoon, Mrs., we are come to pay you a visit. Can we come in?"

Old Lady.—"Yes, come on."

Cadet S.—"Have you converted, mother?"

Old Lady.—"What's that?"

Cadet S.—"Why, having your past sins forgiven."

But further conversation was suddenly checked by the old lady calling the Cadets everything but gentlemen, and I suppose we forgot that. Nothing daunted, they (the Cadets) knelt and prayed. While they prayed the old lady swore.

* * *

SCENE II.

Cadet M.—"Good-day, mother, we are out visiting to-day. Would you object to our coming in?"

Old Lady.—"What for, pray?"

Cadet M.—"Oh, just to have a little talk on Spiritual things."

Old Lady.—"If I had a pail of water near I would give you the contents of it, you young monkey."

Cadets exit. "Bang," goes the door.—Cadet W. J. SEARLE, Temple Garrison.

* * *

"Be sure your sins will find you out." While talking to a man a few days ago, he told me about an old woman who was taken sick and wanted some one to help her, and the only one of whom she could expect help was a Christian. She called on him and, like a Christian, he came, and after a little while the man asked her, "Do you read your Bible, my dear woman?" "Yes," she said. "I've read my Bible yesterday," and feeling like reading a little she handed him it. "Where is your Bible?" "On the shelf," pointing to it. The man took the Bible, and wiping the heavy dust off it a pair of spectacles dropped out from between the leaves. The woman saw it and cried out, "Oh, I have been looking for those glasses for these last three months back." The man got to the bottom of it.—THE RUSSIAN.

* * *

Yesterday (Sunday) was one of those red letter days in Garrison life. At 7 a.m., we had a wide-awake time. In the afternoon we held two open-airs. While the sharp shooters were attacking the enemy on the main street others were in the suburbs digging gems for God. The people were much alarmed, but I believe we took a done that eternity alone will reveal. Altogether we had marvellous times this past week, and people have seen the Army who never saw it before. Hallelujah! Yours, in good time for fighting, Cadet FRIEND, Bowmanville T.G.

* * *

I am glad to report victory through the Blood. On Sunday last we held an open-air in front of some of the hotels. One of the soldiers was afraid that we would be punished, but instead, God poured His Spirit on the people and they stood and listened to what we had to say. While the open-air was going on, I was selling CRYS. One man told me that he was saved and did not need to read the WAR CRY. He asked me if it was a sin to smoke. I told him if he was properly saved he would have no use for it. The fire was beginning to burn and so he gave me a quarter and told me to go and get a friend of his saved.—Cadet SMITH, Bowmanville T.G.

* * *

While out visiting we met an old lady who was burdened down with a big load, and as we helped her carry her bundles along she said that a little help was worth a lot of pity, and I just thought how true that was. There are a lot of people who stand by and pity the dying souls, but are not willing to give a helping hand. What God wants is people who will not only pity the dying, but help to rescue them. May God help us to be up and doing while it is day for the night cometh when no man can work. From one who means to fight for Jesus.—Cadet WILSON, Bowmanville, T. G.

* * *

While listening to the different testimonies on Full Salvation, and the possibility of people professing and yet not enjoying the blessing of a clean heart, the thought came to me, "We look upon water and think it is pure, but take a quantity of it and put it in a vessel over a hot fire and in a short time there will be a black looking scum rise to the top proving that the water was not as pure as it seemed. So is we may look upon people and see nothing wrong in their lives, yet God looking in their hearts sees their wishes and desires that He does not look upon with pleasure. When the refining fire of the Holy Ghost is brought to bear upon the hearts that wrong is soon shown up, and must be forgiven in order for us to have the smile of God, and be His disciples. Lord, send the fire!—Cadet MARY MCLELLAN, Bowmanville, T. G.

* * *

In spite of the doors being slammed in our faces, and being told to "go and work" we are going on and being used by God in blessing many of the dear people we meet with. On Tuesday we spoke and prayed with an unsaved one and prayed that Truth home to her heart and on Thursday night she came to the barracks and decided to give her heart to God. Hallelujah! By God's help we are rolling the Old Chariot along. In WAR CRY selling we are being blessed.—Cadet H. JACOBS, Lippincott T. G.

* * *

While out visiting the other day, I called upon a man who professed to be an infidel. It was the first time I had met with him, so that I did not know who or what he was. I asked him if he was saved. He looked at me and smiled. At last, he said he was as much saved as I was and that he did not believe the same as I did. He said, "I do not believe in a devil, nor in a living Christ, because I never have seen them." I asked him if he believed in God? He said, he did. I asked him how it was that he could believe in the one and not in the other, for both were unseen. He said he could feel God around him and that it must have been Him that made the world. Then I asked how have you seen Him. As he was a swearer, I asked him how it was that he could stand and take the name of God in vain? He said he did not know. I told him it was the devil who caused him to swear and do that which was wrong, to which he had to admit, because of himself it would not do so, but would hold the name of the Lord in reverence. After some little talk with him he said that he rather half believed the same as I did and would think on what he said. I am praying for him, that God will save him.—V. GREEN.

* * *

I have gone to one house every week since I came to Lippincott to sell a CRY, and the answer I got every time was "Not today thank you." I was discouraged, but I went again and told the lady I had a special CRY for her. It touched her heart and she said I was so interested in her. She bought one. I was encouraged to try again.—Cadet F——.

* * *

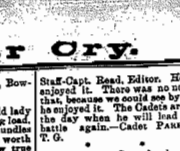
I was selling CRYS last week on York Street, and upon asking a young man to buy one, he thought to frighten me by belowing out in a terrible manner some remark about them, but I never let on I heard him. Then he said, "You young fellows ought to be at work; it is all right for little boys to go around selling papers, but the idea of a big, lazy fellow like you loitering about at such a thing, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." I still kept talking to him however, until he confessed that I was right, that I was right, and that he was wrong, and had been trying to see if he could make me angry. He would have bought a CRY, but had no money.—Cadet W. HALL.

* * *

"Hello! What is that noise I hear?" "Oh! come and see. Here is the Salvation Army coming. Whatever do they mean by marching about on the day?" "I'll tell you. It's the students from the several different S. A. colleges. They have been having a Council at Centre Street, and now they have come out to give the devil a shaking up." They did it in proper Blood and Fire S. A. style. They marched to the corner of Gould and Yonge Streets, and there, for the space of nearly two hours, they poured some real, red-hot Gospel shot into the enemy's ranks. Good crowd, and $1 50 on the drum-head for the benefit of the soldiers. They were led by Staff-Capt. Read, Editor. He told us he enjoyed it. There was no need to tell us that, because we could see by his face that he enjoyed it. The Cadets are longing for the day when he will lead them out to battle again.—Cadet PARKINS, Temple T. G.

* * *

While out on Saturday bombarding the saloons, the dear Lord helped me to convince a man (whose idol the devil not believe the Bible) that Jesus Christ could save his soul from hell. Our soldiers are all on fire and sinners are trembling.—Cadet JACOBS, Lisgar Street Garrison.



The Commissioner gratefully acknowledges the following donations to the Rescue Wing.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER, TORONTO.—Mrs. W. W. Draper, feather pillows; Mrs. Smallhouse, clothes; Mrs. Platt, clothes; Captain Coombs, Lippincott, clothes; Cadet Quick, feather pillows; given for boots 25c.; Mrs. Captain White, Uxbridge, 25c.; a widow, for "these poor baby toughs," 25c.; Mrs. Ford, for good work among baby toughs, $1 in answer to Kit; a sister in Christ, $2, baby toughs; $1 in *Mot.*

FOR THE TORONTO RESCUE HOME.—Mr. Scully, Yonge Street, a quantity of cracked eggs; given in at door, hats, pants; Major St., two parcels of useful clothing; box of very useful clothing from Kemptville; tea, sugar, rice, 15c., per Mrs. Boyd; left at Temple, new print calico dress and skirt; Mr. Harvie, $3; Mr. Bickle, Dundas, jacket, cotton, cosp; Mrs. ——, per Capt. F. Frith, $2.

FOR THE VICTORIA, B.C., RESCUE HOME.—Friend, Nanaimo, $5; Bro. Purkis, $1; Friend, $1; Lieut. Dezen, resting, $1; Bro. Miles, Victoria, $1; Bro. Cook, $1; Bro. Cozens, potatoes; Captain McIntyre, vegetables; Bro. Williams, canned corn, fruit, Kawaiko; Bro. Miles, fish; Mrs. Hanson, clothing; Sis. Keifle, clothing.

FOR THE TORONTO PRISON GATE HOME.—Mr. Metcalf, Toronto, $2; a lady, per J. Sim, 25c.; Mrs. Ford, Lippincott, 25c.; Miss Ledrew, 50c.; Rev. McDugal, Eglinton, 25c.

FOR THE SOCIAL REFORM WING.—A friend, Collingwood, $10; David Cornell, Omemee, $1; S. G. Griffing, Ashburham, $1; W. J. Campbell, Norwood, $1; F. X. Cousineau, Kingston, $2; Herman Coles, Minesing, $13; AUX. S.S., Waterdown, $5.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.—B. Knapp, Wingham, 40c.; T. Bates, $1; Friends, Toronto, Mrs. Flavell, $10; Wm. Elliott, Battle Creek, $2; J. R. Suddaby, Palmerston, $5.

FOR THE RESCUE WORK.—John Pace Brockville, 25c.; W. Baxter, Thorncliffe, 50c.; Mr. S., 25c.; Rich. Staples, Lifford, $5; A. S. Newbrook, Harbor Britton, 25c.; Friend, $2; a Friend, Kingston, $5; Wm. Dodgson, Brampton, $31.25.

FOR THE P. G. B.—Mr. S., 50c.; S. W. Marchmont, $6.

FOR THE WINNIPEG RESCUE HOME.—Per Capt. Shaw, Bro. Mitchell, one pail maple syrup and big R. oats; Mrs. Fields, one box S. biscuits, one lb. tea; Mrs. Mugridge, two large patent flour; Mrs. McKenzie, refrigerator, water barrel, platter, $15 worth of groceries at pound meeting; Mrs. Thomas, $2; A Friend, $5; Mr. McCloy, 25c.; Mr. Thibden, 25c.; Mrs. Morrisch, 50c.; A Soldier, $2; A Convert, $1; Friends, $3.

FOR THE LONDON RESCUE HOME.—Mrs. Macfee, $1; Miss Hodgitts, 50c.; Friends, 25c.; L. Hays, 25c.; Mrs. Morrison, 25c.; Friends, 25c.; Friends, 50c., 25c., 50c.; Maggie Marshall, 50c.; Friends, 50c., 25c.; Bro. Marshall, $1; Bro. Monk, bag carrots; Friends, potatoes and parsnips; Mrs. Cassel, butter; Friend, cabbage; Messrs. Gatecliff & Mitcheltree, meat; Friend, maple syrup; Friend, basket vegetables; Mr. McKenzie, butter; Mrs. Cooper, meat; Mrs. Hays, fruit and ketchup; Friends, Bo-ensburgh, cake; Friend, tin pail.

FOR THE TORONTO RESCUE HOME.—Mr. Scott, $1; L. Brown, $1; Mr. Gibbs, $2; Friends, small amounts, $10.15.

EASTERN BRIGADE.

The Soul-Saving Troupe

Will Visit and hold Special Meetings at the following Places:

NORTH HEAD,	May 22 to June 1
CARLETON,	June 2 to 15

Change of Address.

The address of the Quebec II officers is 59 St. Patrick Street, Quebec, P. Q.

COMING EVENTS AND Special Announcements

Headquarters Staff Meetings.

DUNDAS.—Staff-Capt. Wiggins, *Saturday and Sunday, May 18th.*

GEORGETOWN.—Staff-Capt. Read—*Saturday and Sunday, May 18th.*

BRANTFORD.—Staff-Captain and Fisher—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

OSHAWA.—Mrs. Staff-Capt. Sharp, Lieut. Griffiths—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

ACTON.—Adjt. Freidrich and Brigade-Major Coombs—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

ROCKWOOD.—Adjt. Miller and Staff-Capt. Madden—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

TORONTO X.—Capt. Lennox and Lieut. Keen—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

STOUFFVILLE.—Captains Bond and Keen—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

GUELPH.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Pike—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

HAMILTON I.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Bennett—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

AURORA.—Capt. E. Andrews—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

MARKHAM.—Adjutant Miller and Ensign Mitchell—*Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th.*

MUSICAL MUSKETEERS No. 1

Under the command of

Staff-Capt. Crisp.

This Comical, Interesting, Amusing Musical Company are on a Near Shore Western Ontario.

THEY WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

GALT	Sat. Sun.	May 25
BRESLIN	Monday	
ROCKWOOD	Tuesday	

No. 2 COMPANY MUSICAL MUSKETEERS

Under the Command of

Staff-Capt. Bolton,

of the Prince Gate Home,

Will visit the under-mentioned places the following dates:

NORWOOD.	Friday	May 23
PETERBORO.	Sat., Sun.	May 24, 25
LINDSAY	Monday	
UXBRIDGE.	Tuesday	

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Will Visit the following Places and hold Soul-Saving Meetings:

PORT HOPE.	Sat. and Sun.	May 24
TORONTO VI.	Sunday	May 31

EVERYBODY PRAY!

CAPT. ACCIE COWAN Of the Rescue Work.

WILL VISIT:

RIDGETOWN.	Sat. and Sun.	May 24
DUTTON,	Monday	

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